

Children's Newspaper, April 30, 1938

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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NEWS OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

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THREE WONDERFUL DAYS What 60 Boys & Masters Saw in Them

Sixty boys and masters from about thirty of our public schools have been spending part of their Easter holiday in London, marvelling at its sights and learning at first hand how it is governed. This is from one of them.

OUR holiday conference called itself A City of Today, and it was in County Hall, in the great headquarters of the greatest city in the world, that the L.C.C. made us welcome. In a fine room overlooking the Thames we heard fascinating talks by men whose lives are spent in solving the myriad problems of London's housing and education and finance.

The Fire Brigade at Work

On the first day we were received in the splendid council chamber by the Chairman of the L.C.C., and listened to him from the luxurious seats where the members of London's Parliament sit, each seat with a little folding desk and an air supply of its own. We were told the story of the building of County Hall in the years before and after the war, and saw the beauties of its marble and its oak panelling, its 900 rooms, and the front of 250 yards facing the river. We saw one of the very best of London's free shows, the weekly display at Fire Brigade headquarters in Lambeth, with thrilling rescues by wonderful steel ladders and demonstrations of how fires of all kinds are dealt with.

The next day found us in South-East London, first of all among the condemned houses in several appalling slums, and then among the new housing estates of the L.C.C., which has built 70,000 houses and flats since the war. Like oases in a desert they are, designed for health and cleanness and beauty, and offered to these working men and women at rents less than their cost.

London's Pride

London may well be proud of them, and proud, too, of many of the 1100 schools to which half a million children come every day. One school we saw was equipped in a way that would shame some of the public schools themselves; it had shower-baths and a gymnasium, splendid rooms for wood and metal work, and a complete model flat where girls learn to be housewives.

For our last day we were the guests of the Port of London Authority, the guardian of 69 miles of the Thames from Teddington to the sea, with 45 miles of quays, 1500 cranes, accommodation for over a million tons of goods, and responsibility for a third of Britain's trade. Impressive and beautiful is the home of the P.L.A., designed by Sir Edwin Cooper,

and within is a wonderful model of London's five great systems of docks, spreading them out before our eyes. We boarded the P.L.A.'s own steamer, saw the Tower Bridge open its arms to let us through, and steamed down-river for one of the finest rides an Englishman can have. Truly spectacular it is, this curving line of wharves and warehouses, elevators and granaries, handling two-thirds of all our imported meat and rubber, half our sugar and wool, and nearly all our tea. The climax came when the Royal Docks opened their gates to us, the biggest enclosed docks in the world, with 245 acres of water in which about 30 liners and merchant-

men were loading and unloading. Here were ships and men and cargoes from everywhere, a never-to-be-forgotten vista in the sunlight.

But our day was not yet over, for it was to end with an exciting tour of London by night, beginning in the great newspaper offices where early editions of tomorrow's papers were pouring out from mighty printing presses, and passing on to the G.P.O., where tomorrow's letters were being sorted and where we marvelled at one or two sorters who seemed to know every address in London, so that if a letter said Messrs Jones & Co they could fill in the rest. We went on to the headquarters of W. H. Smith, where over a million newspapers (weighing 150 tons) are packed and despatched every night in the small hours, and where the wrapper was lying ready to take the King's morning papers to Windsor; and soon after-

wards we called for refreshment at the Housing Centre near Haymarket, the new headquarters of all who are working at the problems of modern housing.

A new day was now dawning and London was waking up, and after a quick peep at the markets of Billingsgate and Covent Garden our time together came to an end.

And so back to school again.

Seeing the World

Two special trains with 1000 boys and girls from all over the country left London just before Easter.

The young passengers were off to spend a week in Paris under the School Journey Association. Another group of 150 went to Wilderswil in Switzerland.

We hear also of a party of 400 London children who recently visited Oldham, where they were shown round a mill and taken down a mine.



SPRINGTIME

WORLD GETTING BACK TO PEACE?

The Beginning With Italy

A RETURN TO THE OLD UNDERSTANDING

It has been a great relief to notice the more friendly feeling that appears to be coming over Europe, thanks chiefly to the effort that is being made to restore our old relations with Italy.

There has never been any real hostility between the British and the Italian peoples, and there is no country where British people feel more at home abroad than in Florence or Venice or Rome. It is a thousand pities that bad politics should spoil this good feeling.

Thanks to the Anglo-Italian Agreement we may look forward to a restoration of the old understanding in due time. The Agreement has brought out the wide area of our common interests and has concentrated attention on the points where our interests diverge.

The Waters of the Nile

The Agreement declares that the freedom of the Mediterranean is necessary for both countries, and that neither country shall do anything hostile to the other. The free use of the Suez Canal is to be guaranteed at all times to all Powers, and the independence of Arabian territories is to be preserved. Italy undertakes not to interfere with Lake Tsana in Abyssinia, upon which Egypt depends for the natural flow of the waters of the Nile, and she also undertakes that natives of Italian East Africa shall not be compelled to undertake military duties except for police or defence purposes, and that British nationals in East Africa shall have religious freedom. Italy also promises to join the London Naval Treaty and to reduce her great garrison in Libya.

It is fervently hoped that the Agreement will be carried out. One thing of tremendous importance remains—the Italian position in Spain. Although the Agreement has been signed with great rejoicing in Rome, it is not to be in operation until Italian forces are withdrawn from Spain. Italy declares that she will withdraw them according to a formula agreed upon, and will eventually withdraw all her forces and material. She declares that she has no territorial or political aims in Spain and does not seek economic privileges there. As for Abyssinia, Italy's position is to be recognised by this country when the League has dealt with the matter.

Wiping the Slate Clean

It may be said that the Agreement makes clear many things which were a source of perplexity, misunderstanding, and anxiety. It brings about a more tranquil feeling not only between the two countries concerned, but particularly in Egypt and, generally speaking, throughout Europe. France is to make a similar Agreement.

The political slate of Europe is full of notes about miserable events of the past, and the policy of the British Government is to wipe the slate clean and begin afresh. It is a policy for which we may hope the whole world will have cause to be grateful, a looking forward to Peace rather than a looking backward to strife, and so far as it works honestly there is nothing but good to be said of it, and the appropriate hymn for the churches is Now Thank We All Our God.

The Ambassador's Chair

When Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, the British Ambassador, arrived with Lady Kerr in the temporary capital of China, Chungking, to present credentials not long ago they stepped back from the 20th century into the Middle Ages.

No plane, no car, could go up the zigzag flight of steps cut in the face of the cliff on which Chungking stands, so they left the plane for a sedan chair!

ANIMAL WEEK

515 Slaughter Houses Out-of-date

The C N reminds its readers that next week is Animals Welfare Week, when in many towns and villages street processions are being organised and addresses given in the cause of our animal friends.

Though magnificent work has been done in the exposure and prevention of cruelty, much still remains to do. There is, for example, the case of those animals from which we obtain our food.

In 515 slaughter-houses in this country sheep are killed in the cruel old way, without first being made unconscious. There should not be one case of this kind in a country priding itself on its good name.

Sheep unfortunately were excluded from the law making compulsory humane methods of slaughtering animals, but local authorities can adopt a byelaw including sheep under these provisions. Sir Frederick Hobday, honorary veterinary surgeon to the King, has recently urged that all authorities concerned should adopt the byelaw and so confirm the high reputation of our country as a pioneer in humane consideration for animals. "We owe it to the animals," he said, "that, when we want their flesh for food or their skins for clothing, the last rites shall be performed painlessly."

The Happy Warrior

Mr David MacKane has written a new play about David Livingstone, and is himself playing Livingstone in it at the Grafton Theatre in London.

It is a play which will give a better idea of a missionary's life than many a biography, which often sees the hero but overlooks the ordinary man who grew into the hero. Livingstone's faults are frankly shown, but so are his humour and his tenderness. Mary Livingstone is delightful, and the African parts are played by real Africans.

In the first round of conflict, with Heindrick Potgeiter, the unmannerly Boer leader who accuses Livingstone of supplying firearms to the Natives, Livingstone comes off triumphant, and then one of the tragedies of his life is shown, when a Christian chief is shot dead before his eyes by slave traders; it seemed to David that his efforts to combat slavery met with little success.

The tea party at home, when he has to climb in the window to avoid the hero-worshipping crowd, is most amusing. David tells Mary how he has been describing the wonder of the Victoria Falls to the Queen, who remarked, "I am honoured to have them named after me." "Indeed you are, Ma'am," said Livingstone!

The play is altogether an encouraging story, a good tonic for these days.

Will Mr Roosevelt Cure the Slump?

The effect of the American depression, which has increased the American unemployed to the serious figure of 11 millions, was bound to affect British conditions, but so far the soundness of the position here has prevented any pronounced slump.

Britain and America have a great influence on world trade. The two countries together account for nearly a third of the total imports of all countries.

President Roosevelt has determined to come to the assistance of American business by planning great State expenditures which may reach £800,000,000. Apparently he has at last made up his mind to act, and his responsibility is great. What he does or leaves undone affects the whole world.

GREY OWL

The Beaver's Friend

It was just before Easter, but all the beavers in the world must still be sad that Grey Owl has gone.

He was Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin to his own folk, Chief Scout of the North American Indians, and chief conservation officer for the Canadian Government to the ten thousand square miles of a National Park in Saskatchewan. To many thousands in this country he was a friend who had won much affection by his lectures on two visits to England, one of them ending only at the end of last year, when he left after refusing to lower his flag to please the B B C.

He had a scorn of cruelty that he would surrender for nothing in this world, and in a farewell talk he had arranged to broadcast for the Children's Hour he asked his listeners to promise never to take the life of a weak and defenceless animal for their own amusement, never to join in the chase where foxes, stags, otters, or hares are driven for miles and miles by crowds of dogs and men. The B B C thought it controversial, and because Grey Owl refused to cross it out his farewell broadcast was undelivered.

It seems a pity now that he should have been allowed to go home with this sorrowful feeling in his heart; but he went back to his beavers, and carried back with him the memory of a visit to Buckingham Palace, where he talked to the King and Queen and to the two princesses about his Red Indian life.

He was about 46, and stood six-feet-two in his shoes, a striking figure wherever he appeared, and a noble character who will be long remembered.

Grey Owl was born in Arizona and adopted into a Red Indian tribe which gave him his name as meaning He-Who-Walks-by-Night. He made £10,000 from his writings and lectures and spent it all on protecting animals against suffering.

Wireless on the Lonely Prairie

There was a touch of mercy linked with justice in Saskatchewan the other day.

There the drought is so bad that the poor farmers cannot afford telephones, but they have very ingeniously thought of an idea by which they can make contact with the outside world. They are using the wire fences, electrifying them with batteries. They can now talk to their neighbours and listen into wireless relayed by people with sets.

Naturally when this practice was found out it was brought up in the Provincial Legislature, but it was mercifully decided not to take any action against these resourceful people, as it was felt that the serious distress among them had made it necessary to devise this means of keeping in touch with the world.

Two Balloons

Two little Dutch girls have something to talk about all their lives.

They are Greta and Mia van As, and it is the adventures of their two balloons which have made them the happiest children in Holland.

To celebrate the birth of Princess Beatrix, Dutch children freed 2500 balloons, each balloon having the name and address of the child who liberated it. It happened that the two sisters tied their balloons together, and they were blown 1500 miles to Finland, where they were found and taken to a newspaper office. There, when the long journey of the balloons was revealed, the staff of the newspaper sent souvenirs to the little girls with a letter written in the language all nations can read, Esperanto.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The British gliding record was broken last week by Mr J. S. Fox, who flew in his motorless plane from Huish in Wiltshire to Fowey in Cornwall, 144 miles.

Mr James Patterson, who lived near Edinburgh and had been blind from birth, wrote his Will in Braille.

The civic authorities of Manchester have discovered the first mayoral chain and seal in the Town Clerk's safe, where it has lain forgotten for 87 years, enclosed in its case.

In five years nearly 200,000 children have seen school films made available by the Scottish Educational Film Association.

About 140 Scouts from all over the country are to have a train to themselves for a week; it has been arranged to give them a tour of Scotland.

One of the world's longest road races for cars, the South American Grand Prix of 4030 miles, was won by a Ford V-8 at an average speed of 56.19 miles an hour.

In the first year of the company's existence, 14 years ago, planes of Imperial Airways carried under three tons of letter-mail; last year the planes carried 700 tons of letters.

The Friends Service Council wish to acknowledge from 60 to 70 parcels of paper and pencils, with gifts of money, received for children in Spain.

Last year 22,000 miles of new roads were made in America.

A new 4500-mile road across Canada will be finished in two years' time.

THINGS SEEN

A boy delivering newspapers in London on roller skates.

A lorry-driver in London waiting for the red light and then going on.

Vesuvius, for the first time in living memory, covered with snow in the middle of April.

Flower-beds gay with daffodils down the middle of Bromley's High Street.

A motor lorry with the notice, *From Wellingborough to Greater London.*

THINGS SAID

Keeping fit is un-English; it does not mean anything. What are we keeping fit for? Director of Education at Oxford

It is an unknown land into which every teacher ventures with every boy he teaches. Mr Maurice Jacks

In the hostels we are all one nation.

An American walking round England

Football pools are the biggest ramp there ever was. Rev Noel Hutchcroft

The perfect pig is produced in Lincolnshire. Mr Holdsworth, M P

Now there will be spiritual servitude in Austria but work for the unemployed. An Austrian

I don't believe the Olympic Games do the slightest bit of good to international relations or to sport. Australian High Commissioner

This country has thirty million animals. Sir Frederick Hobday

There is no foundation for the idea that alcohol is good for muscular work. Medical officer of British Olympic athletes

On Sunday evenings my churchyard is full of litter left by picnickers who drive away with their cars loaded with flowers. Rector of Coombes in Sussex

To obtain peace in the world we must have peace at home.

A leading Paris newspaper

I now believe that there are some things worth fighting for.

Mr Beverley Nichols



HAULING TIMBER THROUGH BROADWAY, THE BEAUTIFUL WORCESTERSHIRE VILLAGE NEAR EVESHAM

NEW PENSION PLAN

New Zealanders in the Sixties

Old Age Pensions began in New Zealand, and the Dominion is preparing what may be called Elderly People's Pensions, for no one is old at sixty now.

New Zealand's Prime Minister has just announced the details of a plan to grant a pension of 30s a week to men and women of sixty. All who have not more than £1 a week coming in will get it.

Other things in this pension plan are free doctor and free hospitals for all, unemployment pay, increases in existing pensions and family allowances, and the beginning of orphan pensions and incapacity allowances.

Part of the pension fund is to be raised by a levy of a shilling in the £ on wages. For each such shilling raised the Government is to contribute £1.

Summer Days and Winter Nights

As four out of five of us live in towns, we call weather fine when we do not have to carry an umbrella.

The countryman, however, does not rejoice in drought, for he well knows the great truth that all living things are mainly composed of *water*. No water, no grass; no grass, no bread or meat.

Our spring this year has been a strange mixture, leading up to a period of summer days and winter nights, and frosts have played havoc with the early fruit trees, particularly with plums, cherries, pears, and early-blossoming apples. The trees came into flower earlier than their proper time, only to be nipped in the bud, with danger to their crops.

Apart from fruit, a spring drought is always a bad thing for the land.

PLANES BY THE TEN THOUSAND WHAT OF THE MEN?

It is a long time since Wilbur Wright said to the Editor of the C N that he thought the aeroplane would help the Peace of the World.

Alas, it has brought terror to the world. It began to do so a quarter of a century ago, as told in the extract from the C N of 1913 on page 13. It is right that we should realise the things that are happening.

Perhaps it is not generally realised, despite so much talk on the subject, that the world is rapidly moving to a time in which the fighting aeroplanes possessed by each great nation will be counted not in thousands but in tens of thousands.

This will entail the training of scores or even hundreds of thousands of air pilots.

An aeroplane, as one European statesman has just pointed out, can be built in a day, but a pilot cannot be properly trained in less than a year.

These men will be set to do work which in one sense is the bravest thing ever done by man, but in another sense is the most murderous and cowardly form of warfare. It is a terrible thought that the skill and daring of a man should be used to destroy inoffensive people.

Hardly a day passes now without news of yet another R A F accident in which an aeroplane and its crew have crashed. The plane is comparatively a small matter; our chief concern is that more fine lives have perished.

Last year the R A F lost about 100 aeroplanes and 156 men. *This in peace! What of war?* The answer is that in war an aeroplane lasts on the average about a month.

Let our readers understand what this means, for it is very much our business what happens to those who work for us all and offer us their lives.

If an aeroplane lasts in war only a month, it also means that the average pilot has a very short life in war. Nearly all air crashes are fatal. In ground fighting most casualties are wounds; air casualties are mainly deaths.

Therefore, air war means that there must be not only plenty of reserve machines to take the place of the crashed ones, but plenty of reserve boys to take the place of the crashed ones.

The papers are full of matter about air raid precautions. We are to be so careful when war comes—ready with our masks and shelters and the obeying of rules.

Shall we try to remember that for the R A F there is no A R P, but only the rule of duty and of sacrifice?

Unless this means something to us, unless we determine that war shall not come if any power can avoid it, we have no right to ask men to undertake for us in peace the risks of war.

And when we read that the making of aeroplanes is being rushed ahead, shall we forget that machines may be readily built but that men grow up through the years?

This Week's Book

The Book awarded this week to the reader for the best letter asking for it is sent to Miss Dorothy M. Roden of Birmingham, and the book asked for is Arthur Mee's Enchanted Land.

STRANGE RECORD

The Magistrates and The Motorist

That driving offences are dealt with more leniently than any other class of crime is shown by the Return of Motor-ing Offences for 1936, which shows that, while 400,000 offences were dealt with by the police (2314 of which were cases in which convictions were obtained for driving under the influence of drink) and 2250 deaths were attributed to drivers, in only 36 cases were sentences of imprisonment exceeding three months imposed by the courts.

Report of the Pedestrians Association

Hove and Hobbies

Hove by the sea has acted on the Board of Education's recent circular on the great homework question.

The Education Committee there has decided that there shall be no more homework for the 3500 children attending its elementary schools. Instead it has formed hobby classes, in which each child may follow his or her favourite manual recreation. The children will supply their own materials, but the school is to provide tools.

"Hobbies, not homework," is the motto of the committee, and we agree, for we think every child should learn how to use its hands, and be able to tackle odd jobs with pleasure and confidence.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	173 hrs.	Chester	90 in.
Rainfall	23 in.	Gorleston	55 in.
Dry days	28	Aberdeen	51 in.
Wet days	3	Birm'ham	43 in.
Warmest day	20th	South'ton	43 in.
Wettest day	25th	Falmouth	31 in.
Coldest day	26th	Tynemouth	23 in.

NEWS OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

A Mystery Solved in Our Day

A LITTLE book which will perhaps never make a stir, but is for all that a rare treasure for our delight, has been written by Canon Anthony Deane on the Lord's Prayer.

A book full of scholarship, common-sense, and great spiritual feeling, this enlightening story is a pearl of great price. It must ever make our devotions more real and more vital; and it gives to Our Lord's own prayer new meaning, new enrichment, and so new power.

There is a wonderful story in the book. We are told that in the phrase *Give us this day our daily bread* the Greek contains a word which is written *epiousios*, so that we might well say: *Give us this day our epiousios bread*. But what does the Greek word mean?

The word does not occur elsewhere in the New Testament. Scholars searched throughout all existing Greek literature to find this word, and always failed. Century after century, Canon Deane tells us, the problem remained unsolved. Even the great scholar Origen, who was born so far back as 185 A.D. and heard in everyday use the same kind of Greek as that in which the New Testament is written, had to confess that he did not know the word, and had failed to discover anyone who could tell him. "It seems likely," he adds, "that it was moulded by the Evangelists,"—that they invented it for use in this special place. When St Jerome made his Latin translation of the Bible, which was finished about the year 400, he guessed that the meaning of *epiousios* might be "daily," and from the Latin of the Vulgate the word daily got into the Lord's Prayer. But in recent years the skilful examination of ancient papyri recovered from the sands of Egypt has opened a new chapter in the history of New Testament research. Already the discoveries have included copies of

large parts of the New Testament at least a century older than the Codex Sinaiticus. Thousands of domestic and business writings have been found, some complete, others small fragments—letters, contracts, household lists. These were written in the same kind of Greek as the New Testament books, and their practical value is in the light they throw on the meaning of many words which previously were thought to occur only in those books.

In one papyrus the word *epiousios* at last was found.

Origen was mistaken in his idea that the Evangelists invented it. "This word has been established beyond doubt by the new study," wrote the late Professor Deissmann, one of the greatest authorities on the subject. He described the papyrus as the remains of a house-keeper's book, and, turning to the use of the puzzling word, he added that the strict meaning is: *give us today our amount of daily food for tomorrow*.

The Triumph of the Grid

The triumph of the great super-power system we call the Electric Grid, which supplies electricity wholesale to great distributors, is marked by a further rise in the consumption of current.

The latest report of the Electricity Commission shows that 852,000 more consumers were added in 1937, raising the number to 8,557,000. The total sales of current rose to 17,147 million units, and the price fell.

We do not recommend our readers to count, that 17,147,000,000, for their lives would not be long enough. Also it would go hard with us if we tried to walk as many miles as there are miles of electric cables, for they run to 141,000, even leaving service lines out of the reckoning.

SUMMER SPREADS ITS CARPET

Bats and Rackets on the Green

FOOTBALL, lingering like winter in the lap of spring, is playing its last matches. Summer and summer games are coming in.

Football's last flourish proves a War of the Roses at Wembley where, in the Final of the Association Cup, Huddersfield battles for Yorks and Preston North End for Lancs. In struggles like these it is safe to predict plenty of hard knocks and not much quarter. London and the South in this match are this year mere onlookers, though in the allied competition for the Football League Championship they have been prominent. The Amateur Cup has gone to Kent after an exciting struggle between north and south of the Thames.

Summer games and winter games meet one another coming in and going out, like batsmen between the pavilion and the wicket; but we incline to believe that the summer game of cricket still holds its own above all others in the affection of the Anglo-Saxon race wherever they may be. The Australians, who are now practising at the nets on English soil, would certainly agree.

They are our principal guests this year, and so much already has been written about Don Bradman, Stanley McCabe, Fingleton and Brown, Chipperfield and Badcock, their formidable batsmen, that little is left to say about their bowlers. This much may nevertheless be said, that if June brings back the drought of March and April the Australian captain will feel the need of more fast bowlers than he has brought to back up O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith. In spite of the belittlers of English prowess, we believe that in the Test Matches England will be there.

Famous English Cricketers

County cricket always suffers in public interest when an Australian eleven comes over to attract it. On the other hand, the fixture between the County and the Australians always brings to the County ground the biggest attendance of the season. So, though this year the excitement of the matches of last August to decide whether Yorkshire or Middlesex should top the Championship Table can hardly be repeated, there will be no lack of entertainment of the best kind. A County may

beat the Australians. It has been done; but if that triumph is denied to Yorks, Lancs, Derby, Surrey, Kent, Sussex, or Notts, all of which can rise to heights at times, the opportunity will be afforded to a number of our rising batsmen and bowlers to show what they can do. Barnett, Yardley, Bakewell, Fishlock, Gimblett, Ashdown among the bats, Gover, Sibbles, Copson, Farnes, Clay (of Glamorgan), Clark (of Northampton) may all make cricket history.

Our Prospects in Tennis

In lawn tennis, the queen of summer games as cricket is the king, the prospects are less sunny. The Davis Cup, lost last year to U.S.A., seems irrecoverably gone West, unless Australia should succeed in taking it Farthest South. With Fred Perry lost to us, H. W. Austin and G. P. Hughes retired, and Tuckey and Hare with other business in hand, Great Britain's Davis Cup team is at present a skeleton formation. We can only hope, as France has had to do, that future years will clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood, muscle and nerve, to make it live again.

The prospects of a good Wightman Cup team to recover the Ladies' trophy from the Americans are also rather shadowy, because now that our lady champion of last year has temporarily retired from tournaments we have no outstanding player. There are a number of good ones, Miss K. Stammers, Miss Peggy Scriven, Miss Mary Hardwick and Miss Freda James foremost among them; there is no one so outstanding among them as to be selected in advance as a likely winner of the Wimbledon Championship.

They may nevertheless combine into a good team, though it is rumoured that Mrs Helen Wills Moody and Miss Helen Jacobs will both play for the United States. Wimbledon is at any rate assured of some dazzling matches, with Mlle Jedrejowska of Poland and Senorita Lizana among others appearing on the Centre Court. Donald Budge is coming over to defend his title; and always lingering in our minds is the hope that H. W. Austin may at last win the laurels which have so long eluded him by becoming Wimbledon champion.

100,000 Hours of the B B C

GREATEST ENTERTAINER IN THE WORLD

THE wireless transmitters of this country were broadcasting last year for over a hundred thousand hours.

Nearly a quarter of these hours were devoted to Empire broadcasts and over 1600 hours to television.

The summary of the progress in television adds a chapter of special interest to the B.B.C. Handbook, which has just been published for the eleventh time (1s 6d).

There is a full account of last year's most ambitious (and most successful) undertaking, the Coronation Broadcasts, in which 58 microphones were used, 32 of them in the Abbey. May 12, 1937, was historic for the B.B.C., not only because it was the first occasion on which the Coronation ceremony was heard by millions, but also because thousands saw on their television screens the famous gilded State Coach and the two-mile pageant of the procession.

Among the photographs illustrating the Coronation chapter is one of the Abbey Control Room, a tiny area of 275 square feet in which the engineer sat in charge of 500 miles of wire and seven tons of batteries without even a glimpse of what was happening in the Abbey.

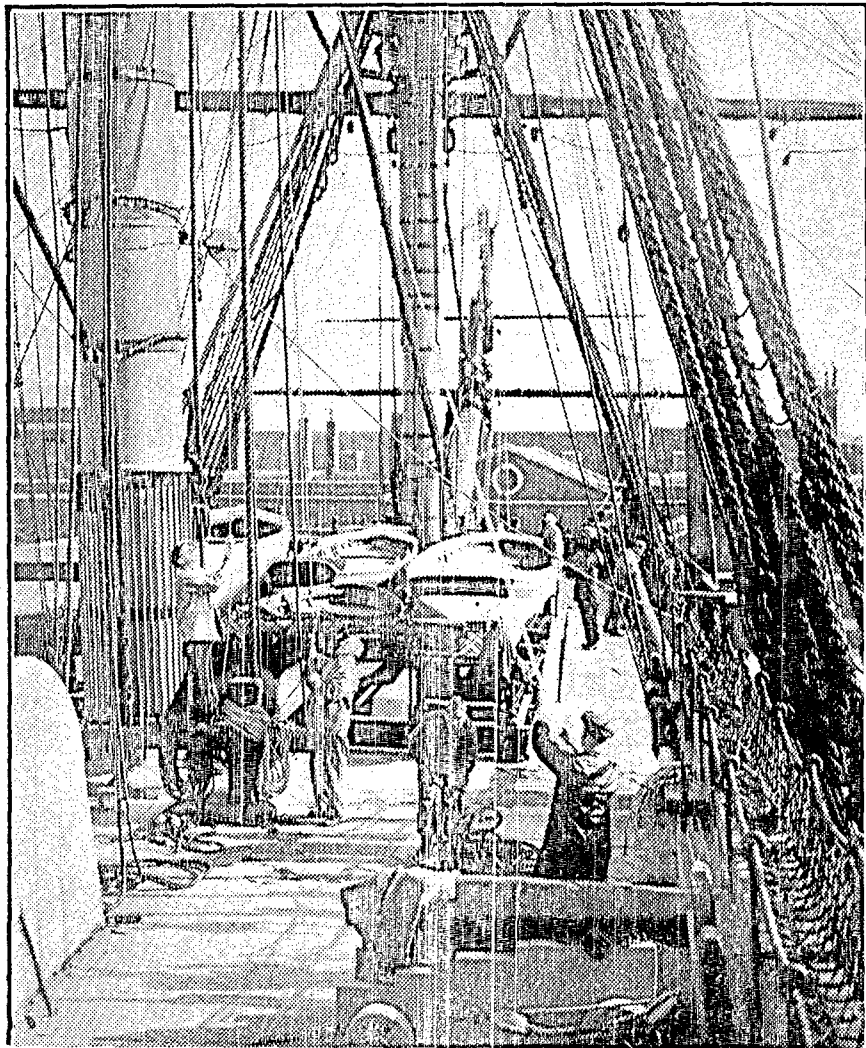
The Foreign Control Room, a 15-ton series of cubicles built above a public stand facing the Abbey, was almost as

wonderful. Here sat 14 foreign observers describing in their own languages the happenings in abbey and street as they were broadcast to the world by way of the G.P.O. International Trunks Exchange.

As C.N. readers know, broadcasts in foreign tongues, Arabic, Spanish, and Portuguese, are now given daily from Daventry. The handbook describes how the Arabic series began this year with Emir Seif-El-Islam greeting his father, King of the Yemen, who sat listening in his palace at Sana, an ancient walled city of Arabia. We read that there are 40 million people who understand Arabic and that the populations served by the South American broadcasts amount to 70 millions speaking Spanish and 40 millions Portuguese. Pictures of the new short-wave transmitting station at Daventry are given.

The Handbook is full of information written in a direct style, even in the most technical chapters, and the volume is pocket size. The tale it tells is entirely one of progress, and not the least important of the figures in its pages is that the number of schools listening to the special broadcasts has risen from 5750 to 7771. We only hope that figure will soon be doubled.

Nelson's Old Flagship



Workmen have been busy overhauling the famous Victory at Portsmouth

FRIEND OF THOUSANDS

All friends of the Shaftesbury Society will wish Mr Arthur Black much happiness in his retirement from the post of General Secretary.

It was in the days before the world broke to pieces that Sir John Kirk brought Mr Black into the Editor's room to introduce him as Sir John's successor, and from those days to these Mr Black has infused the work of the Shaftesbury Society with the glow of his personality and an unfailing energy. Thousands of children owe many happy hours to him and thousands owe him happy lives, and their prayers will be with him now that he is beginning to think of growing old at seventy, though we know quite well that he will still be young.

A GREEN-LIGHT STOP

In these days, when pedestrians too often receive little consideration from drivers on the roads, it is right that we should notice good manners.

The other day a lorry driver was at the cross-roads at Roehampton Lane near Barnes Common when the lights were green for him, but he would not drive on in spite of hooting from the cars behind him. *Three wounded soldiers were crossing the road in front of him.*

NIGHT SCHOOL DEGREES

Sheffield University Council is considering a new scheme.

It is possible to win any University degree in London by evening class study, but it is not so easy in the provinces. If the scheme matures, students can take an evening school degree at Sheffield. To begin with, only engineering students will be admitted, but if all goes well it will be extended to other studies.

It will probably be open to students of all ages, and the course is likely to be a six-year one. All students will have to possess the school certificate.

MAGNA CARTA, JUNIOR

A Juvenile Magna Carta has been signed at Carlisle.

Drawn up in the interests and for the welfare of boys and girls, this charter cancels all preceding byelaws relating to juvenile regulations, and imposes new regulations on all who employ juveniles. Among the clauses of the charter are:

Street trading for boys and girls under 16 is prohibited.

If employed out-of-doors they must be provided with suitable clothing and boots.

No child under 14 may be employed on a sports ground, in a cattle market, billiards hall, hotel kitchen, or barber's shop.

A child taking part in an entertainment must not work that day or the next.

A boy of 12 may deliver milk or papers for one hour before or after school if the medical officer certifies that he is strong enough.

During holidays a boy or girl must not work more than 16 hours a week, and every day there must be five hours of continuous freedom.

THE SHOES THAT FIT THE FOOT

Shoes that fit like a glove are being made in New York.

It is said that their secret is that the real leather is permanently elastic. When a skin goes through the process of tanning it loses its flexibility, and so in this new type of shoe it is treated with chemicals to make it flexible again and then covered with an elastic material, making it comfortable because it gives with the foot. No longer, apparently, need we be troubled with corns.

THE EDITOR'S GARDEN

The Editor's hilltop at Eynsford in Kent is open for the Nurses Fund on Wednesday, May 4.

The hilltop has the finest view of the Darent Valley, the loveliest valley within an hour of London, and in the middle of the horizon is the highest thing in Kent, the clump of beeches on Ide Hill.

Eynsford is reached by electric train from Victoria or by Green Line coaches.

China and Her Flowers

It is well to remember that the Chinese were a civilised people when these islands were inhabited by painted savages.

Nothing is more characteristic of this ancient eastern race than its love of flowers.

In northern Hopei, in a time of drought, a traveller noted how her pack coolie saved a rose by pouring the last contents of his drinking canteen into a crevice. Between the stones a wild rose had grown, sweetly fragrant. "It is from such a one as this (said the coolie) that we learn fortitude."

In China plants are nursed and coaxed. If it is hot they are shaded. If it is cold they are housed in paper shelters, with their roots warmed by air pipes

heated by charcoal; these devices were decreed by a Chinese ruler 2000 years ago, and they are so simple that the poorest can make them.

Chinese florists take infinite pains in their very real nurseries, but charge very low prices. "A country in which flowers are sold at luxury prices (said one of them) is a country which has yet to learn the first principles of civilisation."

A Chinese policeman was found watering phlox which he had placed around his stand on a modern concrete road. After giving a direction to an inquirer he added: "There is no day in the year when flowers fail to bless China with their lovely charm. Is this so in the outer world?"

A BEAR AT SEA

A strange and unusual sight was seen the other day near Quail Island, the koala bear sanctuary in Australia. It was a native bear clinging to the mast of a launch.

He had apparently set off in search of adventure by sea instead of by land, and when tired of swimming had looked round for something to cling to and made for the launch.

POOR CHAFFINCH

A gentleman signing himself Pog and writing from Tangier says that he was standing at his study window last month when a cock chaffinch flew against the glass and killed itself.

On going out he saw a hen chaffinch take hold of its dead mate and desperately try to drag it away. He took up the dead bird and was looking at it when the hen chaffinch flew over his shoulder and knocked it out of his hand. The hen next tried to drag away the body.

As the house cats were about he took the dead bird into his study and opened the window. The hen bird at once flew in, and for a time he shut the window and left them together. Some time later, when the window was opened once more, she had apparently understood and flew away.

A GOOD PLACE FOR BAD BOYS

A reformatory more like a school than a prison has been opened at Skena in Sweden, each boy having his own room with comfortable furniture, and sharing a common room with wireless and games. No walls surround the building and the windows are not barred.

STRANGE COMPANIONS

A Tunbridge Wells lady has two strange pets: a five-year-old tabby cat named Mike and a year-old ferret named Oily. The ferret has been brought up with the cat, and the two animals play together and wash each other.

THE BIRD & THE GOLD CUP

An extraordinary story has been told of a jeweller's assistant walking past an Englishman's house in Calcutta carrying a gold cup studded with precious stones intended for a Rajah living near by.

The cup was wrapped in paper, and a kite, apparently supposing the parcel to contain food, swooped down and snatched it away. The assistant reported the loss but no one believed him, and he was arrested.

It happened that one of the Englishman's servants had had previous experiences of the doings of this particular bird and knew the exact spot on the roof where the kite would examine its plunder; and he climbed up and found the cup which the kite had abandoned in disgust as quite uneatable. The jeweller's boy was thereupon released.

THE FLOODED CIRCUS

An elephant not long ago saved the lives of the animals in a circus near Auckland, New Zealand, when floods rose so high that it seemed as if the caged tigers, lions, and monkeys would drown. The attendants could do nothing to move the animals, until one man had the idea of harnessing the elephant to the cages. This was done and the animals were soon dragged to safety by their comrade.

AT THE OLD FORGE

The blacksmith of a Kent forge at High Halden, which dates back to the Middle Ages, has solved the problem of finding work by turning his skill in handling iron into an art.

Outside the forge he has a display of antique lanterns, fireirons, toasting forks, miniature horse-shoes, mechanical toys, and door-knockers, all wrought by himself from iron. He has recently made a set of thistle hinges for Sir Auckland Geddes at Rolvenden. Mr Packham makes his own designs, using a sheet of iron for a board and a piece of chalk for a pencil.

DON'TS FROM THE SALVATION ARMY

Don't be driven by every rumour. This is an age of Grand and Scientific lying.

Don't drop down into black despair as though all things that count died yesterday.

Don't talk about "throwing everything up" as though all the foundations of your life had been suddenly destroyed.

Don't think Force is the only cure. There is only one cure for national quarrels and that is the spirit of forgiveness and forbearance.

Don't let your mind be so clouded that you cannot pray; your prayers are as real a power as the uprising life of the Springtime.

THE WAY OF THE WHALE

Where does the whale go in the course of its journeyings?

Scientists of the research ship William Scoresby have just returned to London from a six-month cruise in Antarctic waters south of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. During this time they have marked more than 800 whales. The position and date of marking was recorded in each case, and a reward is offered for the return of the marks with particulars of where and when the whale was captured. Thus it is hoped to learn much valuable knowledge of whale movements.

Meteorological and ice records were also taken and information collected concerning Antarctic currents and the life of the waters.

SHE COMPLAINED TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

At Gatley in Cheshire lives Miss Redfern, and she is 82, looking back on her long life and proud to have been a nurse for 50 years.

This is one of her most exciting memories. She ran away from home at 20 to be a nurse and found the Matron of her hospital to be the heroine of the Crimea, Florence Nightingale. Miss Redfern, a country girl, hated the hospital food, and was sent to Matron for complaining. Terrified, she stated her case. "It is not what you think, but what others think of you that matters most in this world," said Miss Nightingale severely, but she saw that no more bad food was served in that hospital.

"Oh, very awe-inspiring, like a New Testament angel, and with a scar over her right eye through frostbite in the Crimea, was Miss Nightingale," says Miss Redfern.

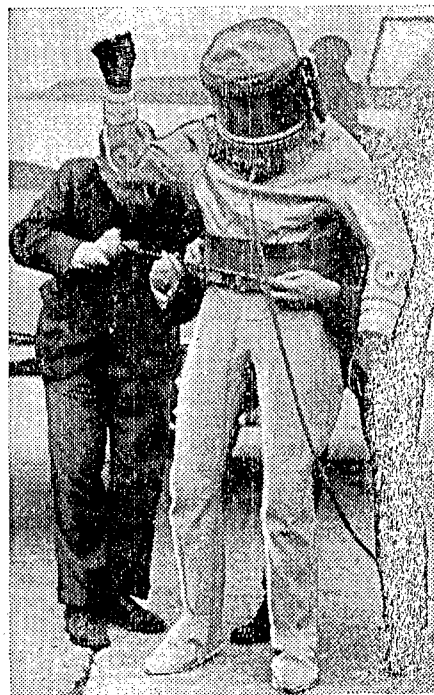
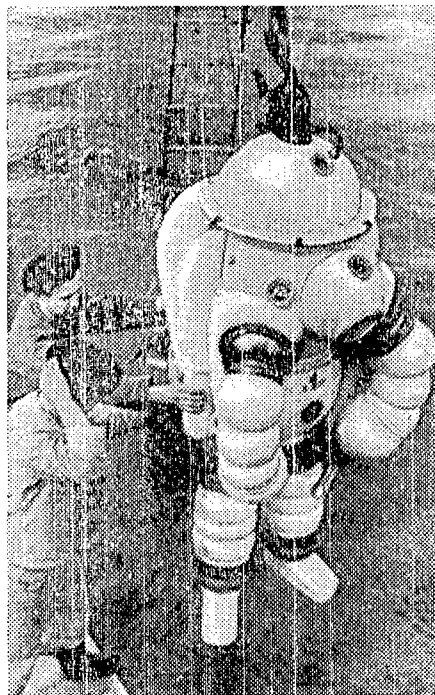
THE BEAUTY PILGRIMAGE

At Annapolis, among other places in America, is now being planned the annual Apple Blossom Festival; it will be at the end of May.

In Japan, in spite of war, famine, and earthquakes, the people will be going out to see their wonderful flowering trees.

When will England guide her people to recognise the beauty of her fruit regions? Kent, Somerset, the Vale of Evesham, and East Anglia provide wonderful blossoming spectacles, and for want of a little organisation and instruction, the few see them and the many scarcely hear of them.

Down in the Sea and Up in the Clouds



This is How Man Goes

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 30 1938



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



John Bright Calling

It is 85 years since the voice of John Bright rang through the country against the Crimean War. His words are well worth reading now.

IF you go into war now you will have more banners to decorate your cathedrals and churches. Englishmen will fight now as well as they ever did, and there is ample power to back them if the country can be sufficiently excited and deluded. You may have another Wellington and another Nelson too, for this country can grow men capable for every enterprise. Then there may be titles and pensions and marble monuments. But what becomes of you, and your country, and your children?

Rely on it that injustice of any kind, be it bad laws, or be it an unjust and unnecessary war, of necessity creates perils to every institution in the country. I confess, when I think of the perils into which unthinking men (who do not intend to fight themselves) are willing to drag this country, I am amazed how they can trifle with interests so vast and consequences so much beyond their calculation.

I think I may put before you higher considerations. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast that you are a Protestant people, and you draw your rule of doctrine and practice as from a well pure and undefiled, from the living oracles of God, and from the direct revelation of the Omnipotent. You have conceived the magnificent project of illuminating the whole earth, even to its remotest and darkest recesses, by the dissemination of the New Testament.

Is this a reality? Or is your Christianity a romance? Is your profession a dream? No, I am sure your Christianity is not a romance; your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely among the people; a sense of justice growing up in soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and, which will be better than all, the churches of Great Britain awaking as it were from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time, a blessed time which shall last for ever, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

The Great Nation and the Little One

The German. We are a great nation. We have thousands of tanks and planes and millions of men.

The Dutchman. We cannot compete with you, but when I hear a knock at the door in the morning I know it is the milkman.

Blue Danube to Black Sea

By means of various links between rivers and great waters, man has power to make immense changes in geography.

Such mighty works as the Suez and the Panama Canals have shortened sea voyages marvellously, added to the effective lives of men, and cheapened commodities. The latest great canal is planned by the Rumanian Government to link the Blue Danube with the Black Sea, shortening the route from Cernavoda to Constanza by 150 miles.

Another illustration of what little men can do with their little world. A thousand such improvements on nature await man's handiwork as soon as the nations come to their senses.

Spring

SPRING cometh.

Cheerfully dight,
In blackbird's song
And daisies white,
She gathers all the countryside.
To adorn her kirtle wide.

Mary Murrell

The Threepenny-Bit

DOES anybody really want the new threepenny-bits, the thick and clumsy coins which occupy a space in the pocket out of all proportion to their value?

It appears not, for, though they have now been in circulation for a year, they have almost disappeared from currency. Perhaps the Mint will try again, and give us a really smart threepenny-bit that we shall all be delighted to handle.

Was That Switzerland?

CIVILISATION is getting on in this crowded world.

When the railway was invented people were able for the first time to pass through a country while ignoring its inhabitants. Flying is intensifying this isolation of travel.

Travelling through the upper air at 300 miles an hour the passenger will not even know what land he is passing over. We can imagine him asking: "Was that Switzerland?"

Soon we shall all be like the American lady who, having been round the world, was asked if she went to Rome, and answered: "I don't know; my husband took the tickets."

Manners Make Man

It is sad to learn that in a town of Massachusetts a trust fund established to reward pupils who have good manners reports that it cannot find boys of this description, and the fund has therefore been diverted to other purposes.

We hope better manners are to be found in England, but we have been struck with the fact that it is rare in a crowded country bus to see a school-boy offer his seat to an elderly passenger of either sex. It is not good to see a woman rocking about while a sturdy boy is comfortably seated and looking on with indifference, sometimes with his mother sitting by him.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the world

THE number of blind children has fallen in 13 years by more than a third.

£10,000 has been given for new churches by Mrs Keene of Chelmsford.

Two hundred empty cotton mills have been transformed into new factories in the last few years.

ABOUT 100,000 Scottish steelworkers are to have holidays with pay.

JUST AN IDEA

Perhaps if everything went the way we want it to go we should soon find that we do not want things to go that way.

The Little Chap

By The Pilgrim

THERE were four of us in the hotel vestibule. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say there were four and a half, for by the lift was a little chap in green.

What we were talking about was none of his business. We were men, consulting about serious matters. The little chap who attended the lift had been at school till a month or two before, so we ignored him.

The problem was where Mr Dawson's antique shop was to be found. The hall porter knew the name, but could not be sure where the shop was. The reception clerk believed it was in Great Windsor Street—but it might be in Wellington Road, off King Street. One of the hotel guests who had known the city years before remembered the shop, but for the life of him he could not tell us how to find it.

Then the little chap joined the group, looking up at us out of a pair of twinkling eyes. "Hold on a minute, sir," he said. "I'll find out. Hold on. Dawson, dealer in antiques, eh? Hold on."

He darted out of the hotel, returning five minutes later with a piece of paper bearing an address which proved to be the one we wanted.

"Our Directory's a bit out of date, sir," he said, breathlessly, "so I just nipped across to the Public Library round the corner."

The four grown-up folk said he was a fine little chap. It was their way of hiding their confusion.

Arm of the World

Mystery of God! thou brave and beauteous world,
Made fair with light and shade and stars and flowers,
Made fearful and august with woods and rocks;
Jagged precipice, black mountain, sea in storms,
Sun, over all, that no co-rival owns,
But through Heaven's pavement rides as in despite
Or mockery of the littleness of man!
I see a mighty arm, by man unseen,
Resistless, not to be controlled, that guides,
In solitude of unshared energies,
All these thy ceaseless miracles, O world!
Arm of the world, I view thee, and I muse
On Man, who, trusting in his mortal strength,
Leans on a shadowy staff, a staff of dreams.

Charles Lamb

A Prayer For Our Lives

Our Father, who art everywhere about us, we would be Thy children in deed as well as in name.

We would live as Thy children should live, clean and upright, thinking the things which are pure and true and of good report, and doing the things which Thou wouldst have us do.

May we never have cause to be ashamed of anything our hands find to do, but be strong to resist evil and to fight the good fight for righteousness and Thee.

Amen

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If all-round men go straight

PETER PUCK hears on the highest authority that there is no truth in the rumour that Herr Hitler is to be exiled to St Helena.

SOME people shake hands too violently. Ready for a gripping situation.

A MAN has spent ten years in dental research. Now he is stopping.

A HIKER says he loves walking by the river. But the river runs.

A BARBER removed one side of a man's moustache in error. A bit off.

A SPEAKER said a man gave him a nasty look. We thought he could not have chosen it.

THE man who had his hat sold by mistake at a jumble sale said he hoped it would cover expenses.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that all the plants in his garden are too forward. He should set them farther back.

GREAT IDEA FOR HOSPITALS

The Paying Ward

At Easter a new wing of Nottingham General Hospital became a Tower of Refuge for middle-class people in times of grievous sickness or ill-health.

In this wing are 43 beds, many of them in small wards with only one bed, and to these middle-class people will be admitted at a charge of four guineas a week. This is an inestimable boon to those who, without wishing to seek the charity of a hospital, cannot, except with the utmost effort, afford to pay the much higher charges of a competent and well-staffed Nursing Home.

Paying wards are common at a number of the big hospitals, but many sensitive people shrink from them because they have to occupy one of a number of beds in a ward. Some patients do not mind; to others it is a great trial; but if they want the best medical attention and nursing there is no alternative. One hospital in London at least, St Thomas's, has a small ward, King Edward's Ward, for a single patient: but the provision is exceptional. We know of one case when a future Prime Minister of England was a patient in the paying ward of a London hospital.

The Very Best Attention

Nottingham alters this. It will be possible, to accommodate a number of patients, each in his or her own room. There they will have at hand the very best medical attention and the best nursing at any hour of the day or night. It will save their purses, it may save their lives: it will certainly hasten their recovery by the removal of worry about payment.

Nottingham's medical staff have agreed to accept a lessened scale of fees, so that the most a patient may have to pay, whatever the illness, even a very serious one, needing surgical aid, will be 30 guineas for a three weeks' stay. It may be less if the patient cannot afford to pay as much.

Nottingham's example is one which should spread throughout the country.

Islands For Sale

Four islands, in one of which are to be seen the boat-shaped graves of Vikings, each about 40 feet long, are for sale in Scotland. They are Canna, Sanday, Hysker, and Humla, off the coast of Inverness-shire. Canna, where the graves are, has multitudes of birds swarming over its cliffs, some of which are nearly 500 feet high.

China's Great General CHIANG KAI-SHEK

THE Fighting General, Chiang Kai-Shek, has been given supreme power throughout China.

Driven from the provinces of the interior, their capitals and foremost cities and centres of industry, by the Japanese who have ruthlessly invaded the country, he is still defiant of the common enemy of the Chinese. While he stands China will stand with him, and she has shown her confidence in him by recognising that he is her head.

Dictator he is not, though that term has been applied to him. But the Chinese hope to find in him their Liberator. If his destiny is fulfilled, he will liberate them from the thralldom of an invader threatening to subdue them by arms, and from the more insidious Communistic influences which have been penetrating China, and for which the Chinese are unfitted.

Soldier and Statesman Too

If any sought to belittle Chiang Kai-Shek they might call him a reformed character, for though like most patriotic Chinese he was a disciple of Sun-Yat-Sen, the most enlightened leader of his time, he went far beyond that great reformer's principles. He became a Communist, and a soldier whose training was acquired at the military academy of Whampoa, then under the indirect control of the Russian Soviet. He studied the Red Army in Moscow. He was an apt pupil who became head of the Academy in 1920 and five years later had trained an army. This army became the chief prop of the Kuomintang, the Government or National party, which was the relic of the revival led by Sun-Yat-Sen. But Chiang Kai-Shek, the soldier, had views of his own as a statesman, and more than ten years ago, in 1926, disclosed them by expelling from the Kuomintang the extreme communists of its Left Wing.

From that time onward he kept his hold on the party by his strong right hand, for he had enemies both to Right and Left. He was then a young War Lord who was determined to stand by himself. He began by getting rid of General Galen, his Soviet Chief of Staff, and followed it up by putting out of action various Chinese War Lords who were dominating parts of the land for no one's benefit but their own. He set up a Nationalist Government in Nanking; he marched on Peking. Then, indeed, he may have appeared to be a Dictator; but he knew his countrymen too well to put on a Dictator's robes.

He was once out of office and was merely the Government's soldier, the Generalissimo of its armies. But he was, as it may seem to those who watch events, all the while the patient, subtle Chinaman biding his time. He became President. He was once, when visiting the headquarters of a subordinate General, held as a hostage. His captor probably realised that he had captured a tiger and promptly released him.

At this period Chiang Kai-Shek visited Japan. We may be sure that it was not a pleasure trip, and that he brought back something more than compliments. It cannot be believed that to one of his astuteness the Japanese plans for absorbing China were hidden.

He has met these plans when they were revealed in the full light of day with the best means at his command; and the end is not yet. Chiang Kai-Shek knows what an Englishman long resident in Shanghai said of China, that its people are very numerous and very clever. He is clever enough to know how to wait.

What manner of man is this who seems to hold the future of that far land in his hands? He is not imposing in appearance, till one looks at his scholars' forehead and his soldier's jaw. He has a general's genius; his small, keen eyes are large enough to take the long view. In looks he is anything but theatrical, but today he is playing the hero's part in a historical drama. He is nervous, but outspoken. He has, above all, courage.

An Old-Fashioned Methodist

The clue to Chiang is his mother, of whom he wrote, "As a boy she loved me dearly, but her love was more than that of most mothers; she was a strict disciplinarian." So the General has disciplined himself. He is a Spartan and a Puritan. With a delicate frame and constitution he keeps all his energies for the task he sets himself. He eats little, neither drinks nor smokes, and has never played any games. He is far from the usual conception of a Chinese, though he will talk no other language. But he is an old-fashioned Methodist in religion, keeping the Bible at his right hand.

This is a man to be feared and respected. He has climbed on the ladder of his past to higher things, and if he has attributed his character to his mother's teaching he owes no less to his wife, the Chinese lady who went to school in Georgia in the U.S.A., and was a graduate of Wellesley College. She is Chiang Kai-Shek's most discreet adviser, perhaps the only one.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S LAWS OF LIFE

Mr Edward Meyrick's Butterflies

Few men have shown a more untiring devotion to their life's work than Mr Edward Meyrick, who left his immense collection of moths and butterflies to the Natural History Museum.

He had been a schoolmaster, first in Australia, then in New Zealand, and till his retirement at Marlborough, for nearly 40 years, yet all that time he found opportunity (because he made it) to pursue his studies. He was continuing them, adding to his collections, classifying them, even receiving and replying to letters and acknowledging specimens from all over the world, almost to the end of a life of over four score years.

He became the acknowledged and foremost authority on what science calls the micro-lepidoptera; but what is most remarkable about this schoolmaster naturalist is that he gave to science new laws to which his life work led him.

They are named Meyrick's Laws, and, though founded on the small living things he studied so intently, they are believed to have a wider application to many other species and forms of life. They are in brief—that no new organ can be produced unless it is a modification arising from some structure already existing; that an extinct organ can never be regained by any descendant; and that an organ which shows that it may have once existed but is now undeveloped can never be given a second life or development.

News of a Factory Ship

From a South African Correspondent

The Uniwaleco, the South African Whaling Company's factory ship, has returned to Durban after four months in the Antarctic.

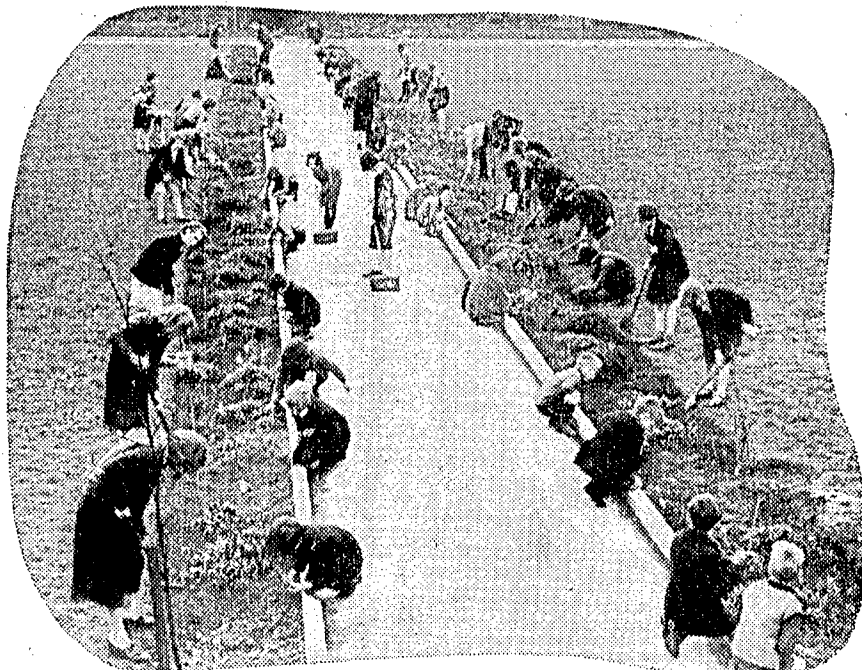
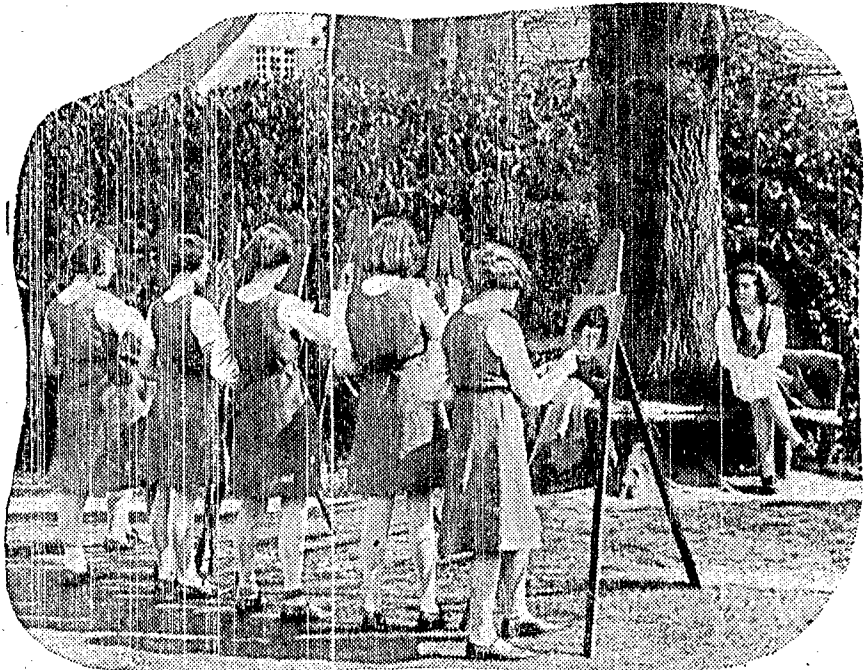
On the whole the catch was good, for 1087 whales were caught and 77,000 barrels of oil rendered.

Nothing particularly adventurous took place on the recent voyage, except that once the discharge of the harpoon gun made a crack in an iceberg, part of which fell and menaced the safety of the ship.

About 60 South Africans set sail with the whaling fleet this year, but most of the crews are Norwegians.

Ordinary hands draw £200 apiece, while gunners in the catchers get as much as £1200 to £1500, but these wages have to last until the end of the next season.

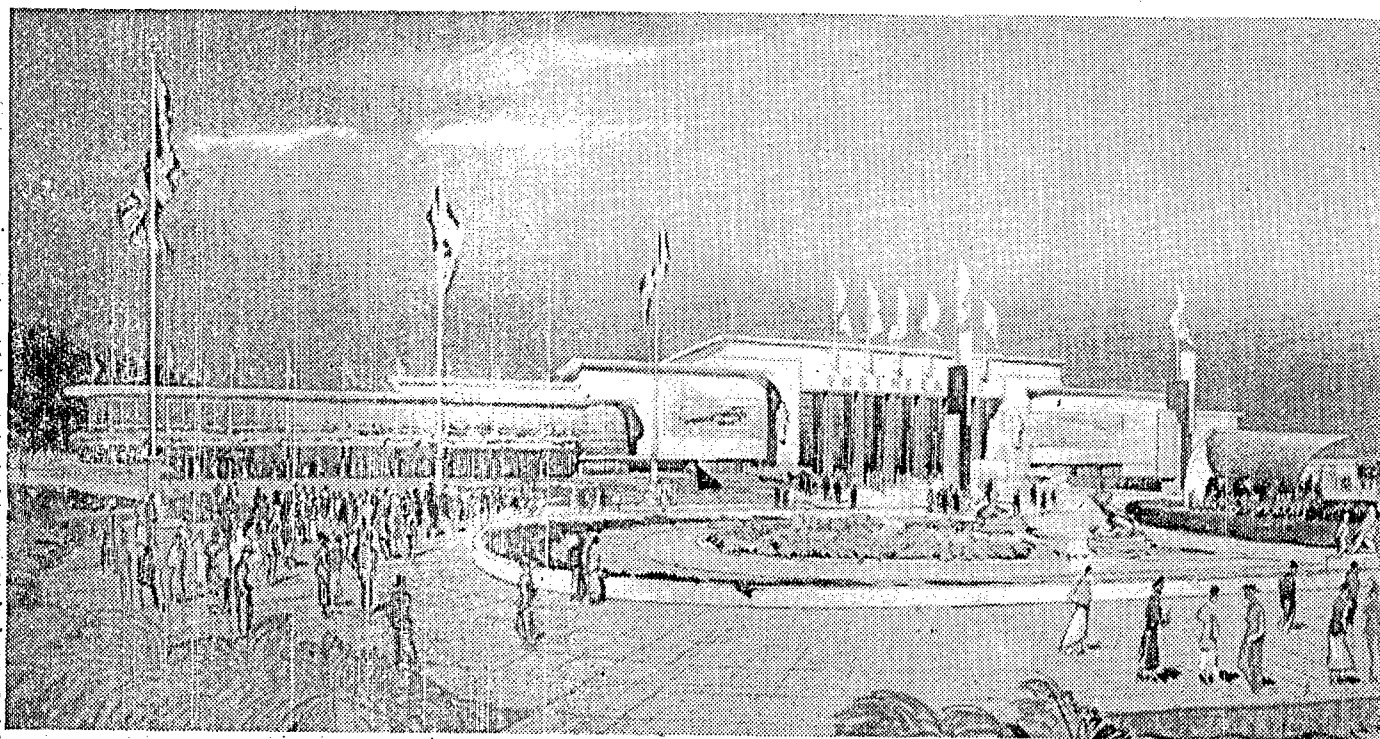
Whaling is one of Durban's greatest industries, but with the competition of these days whales are becoming more scarce.



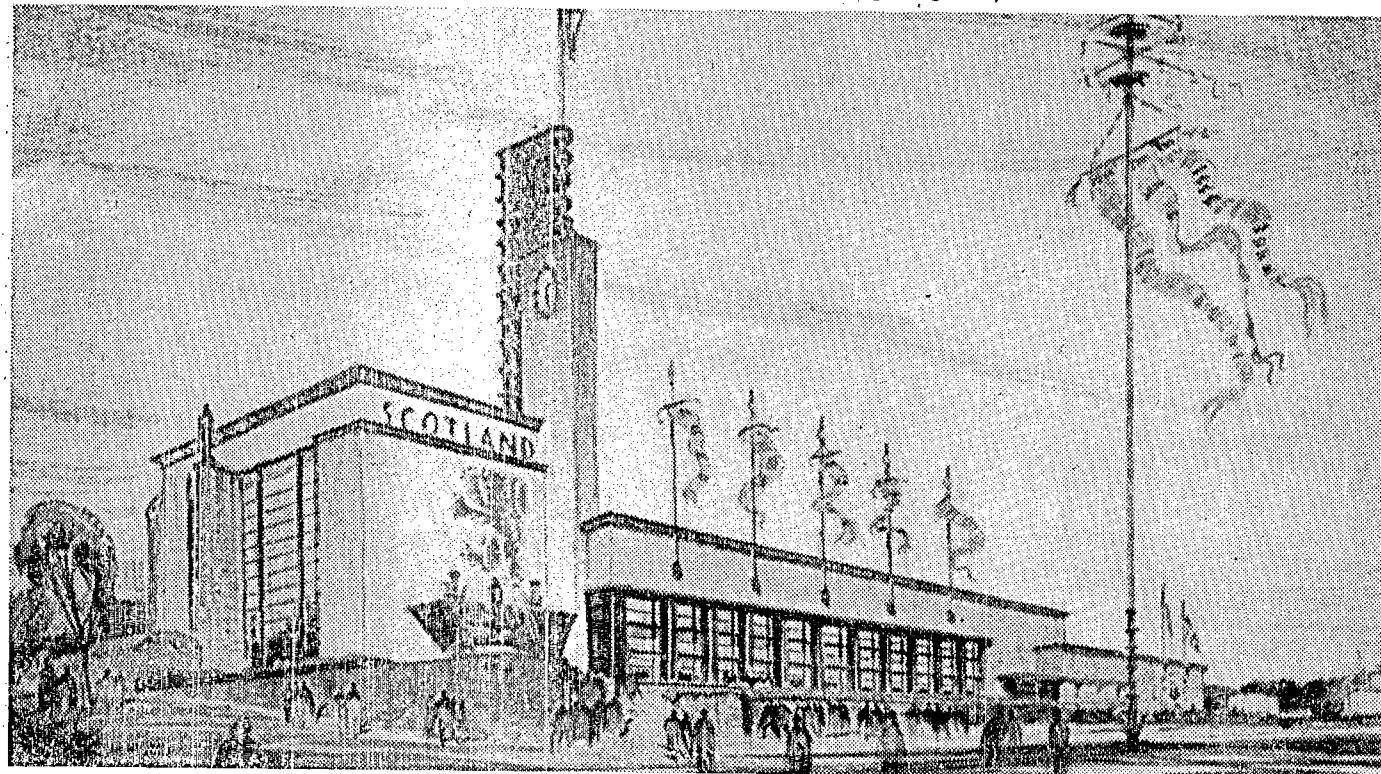
OPEN-AIR SCHOOL LESSONS

On the left, an art class in the grounds of Queenswood School, near Hatfield in Hertfordshire. On the right, a gardening lesson at Crumpsall Open-Air School, Manchester. With so many willing hands the school garden should be a place of beauty this summer

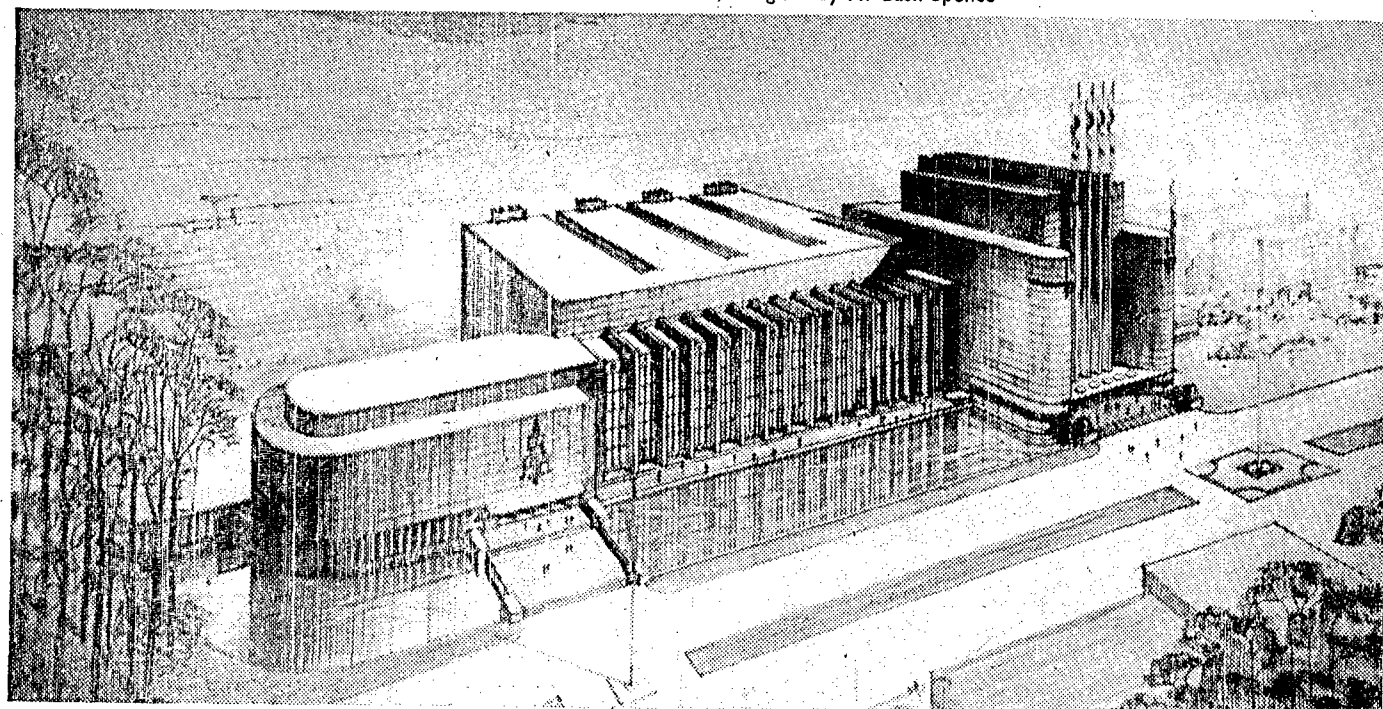
SCOTLAND CALLING THE EMPIRE



The biggest building in the Exhibition, the Palace of Engineering, designed by Mr T. S. Tait



One of Scotland's own Pavilions, designed by Mr Basil Spence



The Pavilion of the United Kingdom Government, designed by Mr Herbert J. Rowse

KING GEORGE is opening next Tuesday, in Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, the finest Empire Exhibition held anywhere in the world since the idea was born at Wembley.

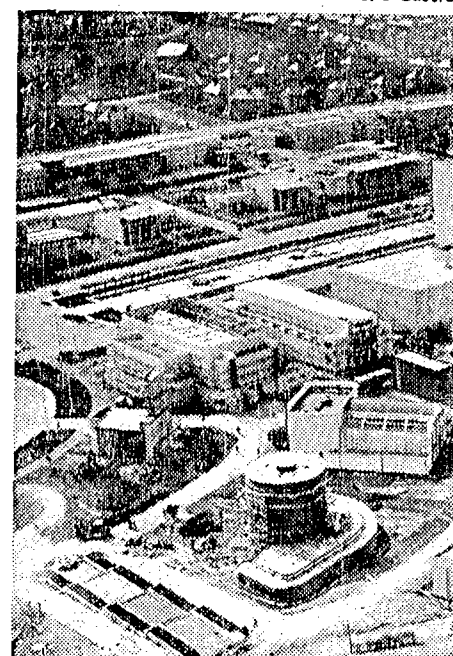
The Exhibition is as big as the Green Park and St James's Park put together, and its Palace of Engineering would fill Trafalgar Square. Like the Londoner's favourite natural haunt it is a green oasis; and like Trafalgar Square it is a place where all men may meet.

Topping the hill of Bellahouston Park is a 300-foot steel tower. It is Glasgow's Eiffel Tower, with lifts to take the visitor to galleries where he may look across the trees below to the Highlands, and in fancy catch the blue gleam of Loch Lomond. At night the searchlights from the tower will throw a shaft of light visible across the breadth of Scotland.

It is Scotland which is calling to all the far-flung corners of the Empire which Scotsmen have had so proud a share in building, and in which they play so important a part. The Scottish character and outlook are woven into the fabric of the British Commonwealth, and millions who know only the Dominions or the Colonies, their institutions and their ways, are already halfway to knowledge of Scotland. Trust the Canadian Scot, or the New Zealander, to come



The Chief's Castle



Looking down on some of the Exhibit

ALL ROADS LEAD TO GLASGOW

to see this home away from the homes they have made for themselves, and find themselves citizens of no mean city when they arrive.

And not Scotsmen alone. At the Glasgow Exhibition we shall all be neither Scotsmen, nor Englishmen, nor Welsh, nor Irish, but Britons of the race which maintains the ideal of a free, self-governing people. As the Prime Minister said, this Exhibition belongs to all these people at home and overseas, and in it an attempt has been made to present a picture of the life and industry, not of one country but of the many countries of the Empire. By helping their peoples to know and understand one another it would strengthen their power and effort. By letting the people of other countries see something of ourselves it would help them to appreciate more clearly our work and aims. It might make a contribution to world peace.

The Exhibition typifies in its hundred pavilions and its 175 acres many of the tasks of the whole world today. In the British Commonwealth of Nations are 500 million people who trade with one another to the extent of £700,000,000 a year, but with the rest of the world to more than double that sum. Neither the United Kingdom nor any of its component parts was, or sought to be, a closed

circuit. Scotland calling! This is the message to the world.

If this is its spiritual message what material components of the Exhibition illustrate its meaning?

Let us look at it from the top of the tower and see it spread out like a map below. Yonder lie the pavilions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Ireland. Separated from them by the lake are those of the Colonies and Ulster. The lake runs the whole length of Dominion Avenue and Colonial Avenue, and from an elevated pool at one end a cascade plunges into the water below. Fountains play on either bank, submarine floodlights shine on and through the water, turning the fountain jets into arcs of silver by night. This is not the only way in which the Exhibition makes up for the absence of a river. Two giant stairways have been cut on the north and south slopes of the hill where the high tower soars to the skies. Down each cascades flow into a pool, with under-water mirrors reflecting concealed lights to change the hues of the falling waters every moment.

Canada has built her pavilion with her own timber. Australia will set out in hers the produce of a continent. In its 6000 square feet will stand a complete grocer's shop stocked with Australian goods. Meat and butter will be stocked in transparent refrigerators, and 30 huge tree ferns have come from Melbourne for decoration.

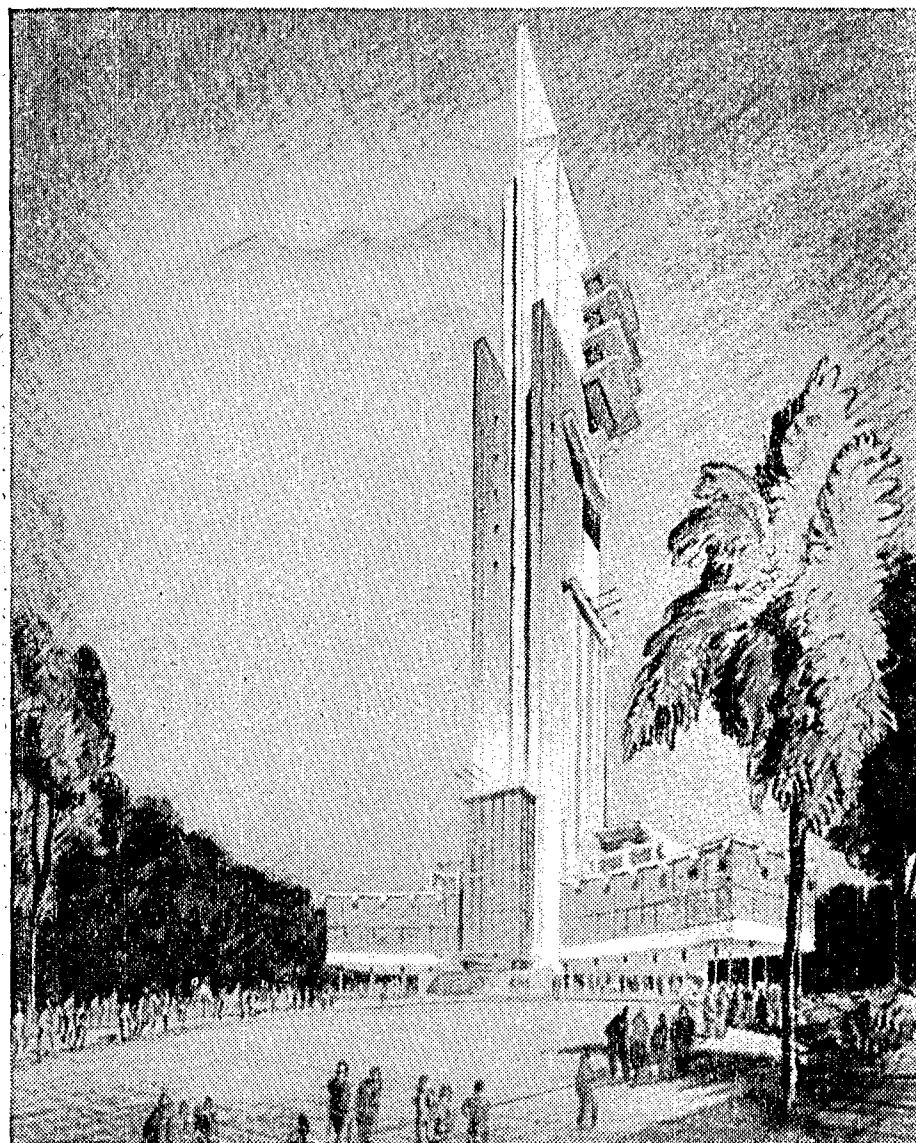
An Old Dutch Homestead and a Model of Victoria Falls

IRELAND'S Pavilion will have at one end a panorama of transatlantic air services, for which experimental flights were made last year; and the roof will display in the form of a map of Ireland the distribution of her industries and agriculture. The Shannon hydro-electric scheme will also have a section, and there will be the full series of the new Irish stamps and coins.

South Africa's Pavilion is an old Dutch homestead with a steep, snow-white gables in the old Dutch manner, heavy teak window-frames and doors, and an interior which with its thatched roof is like a picture from an old Colonial scrapbook. Gold and diamonds, wool and ostrich feathers will be exhibited in decorated bays. Bantu handicrafts find a place here, and from time to time Cape wild flowers will arrive from the Cape to adorn the lawn and stoep.

This is not all there is of South Africa. A wonderful model of the Victoria Falls 120 feet long and 36 feet wide has been set up. Water will fall from a height of 14 feet at the rate of 25,000 gallons a minute, and the rainbow, which is always arched above the falls, will be ingeniously reproduced by steam. The visitor might imagine himself to be standing where David Livingstone stood when the matchless spectacle broke on his gaze.

New Zealand will be there, her pavilion splendidly adorned with Maori carvings, and its interior eloquent of the strange and varied beauty of that Land of the Long White Cloud, with its volcanoes and geysers and boiling springs, its serene mountains and forests, its rivers, and



The great Tower of Empire, a steel skyscraper 300 feet high with observation galleries for 600 people

the pleasant lands beyond which New Zealanders have covered with flocks and pasture and the vine.

The Colonies and the Mandated Territories share a main Colonial Pavilion between them. At the entrance is what seems to be a forest with timber trees and coconut palms, tea and coffee bushes, sisal, rice, and other crops. This gives way, to the individual displays in the West African Pavilion from Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, and Gambia—a group that is no longer called the White Man's Grave. The Gold Coast sends hardwoods and cocoa, Nigeria forest woods, Sierra Leone diamonds and native ware.

Coming nearer home, till in fact it is at home, is the Highland village. This will be a favoured place. It has a chief's castle, a smithy, a post office, an inn, a weaver's cottage, and a Hebridean black house. A burn will sparkle through it to fall into a miniature loch; Highlanders will be there weaving tweeds and tartans and making baskets: and from time to time this Highland nook will resound with the bagpipes and with song.

These are no more than a few of the buildings and pavilions designed to be the glory of their time. There are nearly 50 private pavilions, illustrating every type of activity from that of Imperial Chemical Industries to Boot's and the B.B.C.

That is the serious business side of the Exhibition, one of its many sides. When the eye and mind have dwelt on these with prideful satisfaction what

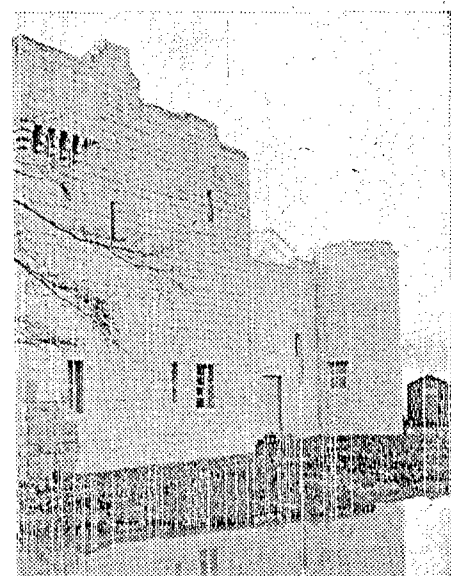
else is there where one may turn for entertainment? If we are not mistaken, it will be for its entertainment that the Exhibition will longest be remembered.

It has been planned as if it were an abiding city with half a million people. It has a concert hall where all the world's famous musicians will come to play and sing to audiences of 2000. It has a Palace of Art, which is to remain, but which for this year will be memorable for famous pictures lent to it by the King, among others, and by patrons who will contribute masterpieces to rival those so lately assembled at the British Art Exhibition at Burlington House.

Tribute to women's achievements in the arts and crafts, domestic science, and welfare work is paid in the Pavilion of the Women of the Empire. It has a fashion tribune modelled on an ancient Greek theatre.

These are the "shows" which offer themselves for inspection. There are many others where the visitors will have ample opportunity to be merely amused or to amuse themselves. Among them many will rate foremost the Amusement Park of many acres, which is like other amusement parks, but bigger and better. It has a switch-back a mile long and a miniature Brooklands. Ibrox Stadium, adjoining the Park, will afford sports, football matches, and military tattoos.

Bands and bandstands, a Conference Hall for the serious-minded, a garden club, dance floors, gardens and lawns, nothing is left out.



Highland Village



buildings from the Tower of Empire

THE CANALS WANT MORE MEN

Does Youth Scorn the Lonely Furrow?

The revival of canal transport has been held up in recent months by the difficulty of obtaining men capable of running the barges.

The Grand Union Canal Carrying Company alone had to refuse 400,000 tons of merchandise last year because 100 of their boats were laid up through a shortage of labour.

It is not that the work is casual and lacking prospects, for, as the C.N. has often shown, there has been much improvement in our inland waterways, while the motor engine is taking the place of the horse and making possible bigger loads and more regular services.

A Family Affair

The explanation lies partly in the long neglect of our canal services, the Cinderella of transport, and in the placid character of the employment. It is the problem of village versus town life over again, and youth prefers to work in the madding crowd, scorning the lonely furrow whether made by the steel plough or the barge's prow. Perhaps, too, the womenfolk do not now like the limited room on the floating home.

The most progressive of the Canal Companies has tried fishermen, unemployed miners, and men who have been in the army and navy, yet few of these have been able to settle down to life on the canal.

The crew of a barge is essentially a family affair, the head of the family being captain and his wife mate. It is possible for such a family to earn £7 a week, and living expenses are small.

The Grand Union Canal Company has decided to recruit and train young men between 16 and 25 as mates, and has asked for a Government grant.

London Choir Boys Meet Red Indians

A dozen boys from the London Choir School on a singing tour in the eastern half of the United States met their first live Red Indians a few days ago. The meeting took place at Topeka, Kansas, the farthest point west on their tour.

Ever since the boys went to America last November they have been hoping to meet Red Indians, and the Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral at Topeka, learning of their wish, invited some young Indians from Haskell Institute thirty miles away, one of America's biggest Indian Schools, to meet them.

They arrived by car, but the boys got over their disappointment when they put on their ceremonial costumes of soft, white, fringed and beaded leather and their headdresses of eagle feathers, and danced and chanted to the beat of an Indian tom-tom. For hours the boys asked them endless questions and then sang for them in return.

The Man in the Bowler Hat

He has gone. At 85 he has finished his course, and Salford misses him, for he was one of the best-known men for miles round.

He wore a bowler hat, and summer and winter walked briskly to work without an overcoat. Before he was ten he was working for a living, and he kept on working till he was 80. He was a member of his trade union for 64 years, and in the last 31 years he was employed at a machine-tool foundry at Altrincham. It was his ambition to live to be 100, but a car knocked him down while he was taking his favourite walk in Hilton Lane at Prestwich, and so his bowler hat will be seen no more.

THE VAST FORTUNE SPENT FOR MANKIND

What Happens to the Rockefeller Millions

THE soldiers on guard at the barricades in a Central American revolution 20 years ago saw a curious figure approaching with a flag of truce.

The man carried a few other things as well, but as they could injure no one he was allowed to set foot beyond the barricade and explain matters. He was an American scientist, Dr Emmett Vaughn, he said, and he wished to collect mosquitoes from the ponds and marshes in the rear of the investing army. Might he do so and return to his laboratory within the city later in the day?

The revolutionaries thought him crazy, an opinion shared by the defenders, but as he was obviously intent on his hobby, willing to risk stray bullets in its pursuit, both sides allowed him to cross No Man's Land at will.

Little did these faction-fighters realise that this man crossing No Man's Land was engaged on work for Everyman's Land, helping by the study of his mosquitoes to stamp out an age-long pestilence. Little did they dream that his name would be recalled when their revolution was forgotten.

Poor China

Mr Raymond Fosdick, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, retells this story in his review of the work of 1937 because he and his colleagues like to think of this incident as an example of what its approach to the welfare of mankind should be. But occasionally, he adds, aggressive action by the fighting lines makes impossible even the gathering of mosquitoes. He was thinking, no doubt, of that programme of reconstruction planned by Chinese leaders for a better China, all of which has disappeared in the Japanese cataclysm of violence. Nankai University in Tientsin has been completely destroyed, other institutions have been converted into army barracks, and units working for the resurrection of China from medievalism have been so completely scattered that they cannot be found.

Twenty-five years ago, when the Rockefeller Foundation was created, the first work it undertook was in public health, and public health considered in international terms. Tracking down yellow fever in America and Africa, malaria in such widely separated islands as the West and East Indies, rabies in Alabama, influenza in Hungary, and many another scourge of man in 77 countries, the Foundation has spent nearly £15,000,000. Last year £440,000 was set aside for this work in fighting diseases, which, as Mr Fosdick remarks, know no frontiers and prove the complete inadequacy and meaninglessness of the idea of the absolute sovereignty of the State.

The Order of Friends Carries On

THE community spirit, which has always been prominent in Wales, is still at work brightening lives and homes in the distressed areas.

Twelve months ago a fire destroyed the original factory in which the sons of unemployed Brynmawr miners were making furniture and proving that objects of use and beauty could come from a derelict Welsh town.

Fortunately the Order of Friends had begun a new wing, and the good work was carried on during the rebuilding, which has just been completed. It is hoped that last year's production will be doubled and that a showroom will be opened in London this year.

The quarterly journal issued by An Order of Friends under their leader, Mr Peter Scott (the journal is called "Towards"), tells of this new tradition of craftsmanship in Brynmawr and of

Yellow fever, given the chance, could ravage India as easily as it has ravaged Africa and South America, and would be ravaging them still now were it not for the energy with which they are being attacked. Long-term plans alone can effectively meet the threat of disease. An example of this occurred last year when for the first time this century yellow fever appeared in the capital of Paraguay. Fortunately the existence of the disease in that State had been discovered a few months previously and steps had already been taken to secure the capital and other centres of population, so preventing a serious epidemic over a wide area.

Yellow fever has recently proved to be a far more insidious disease than was suspected. The mosquito is not the only carrier, and man is not the only natural host of the germ. Deep in the jungles of South America and Africa are regions where there are none of these mosquitoes, yet these vast districts are the source of the disease. How it is carried is not yet known, but by some means it infects the mosquito and thus man, so that the Foundation has increased its control measures and produced a virus to render immune all who are vaccinated with it (40,000 in South America last year).

The Foundation is as deeply concerned with the mind of man as with his body, and with his mental and moral behaviour, whether in the small group of the family or in the wider group of the nation or the race. To the study of the mind, therefore, the trustees gave most of the grant of £480,000 toward Medical Sciences, while toward the Social Sciences (the study of trade cycles, economics, public administration, and international relations) the grant was about £390,000, nearly an eighth of this sum going to the Royal Institute of International Affairs at Chatham House in London.

A Prince Indeed

Altogether the Trustees voted nearly two million pounds last year for the good of mankind, a contribution which means much more than money, for with its travelling fellowships and its concentration on the training of younger men and women of promise wherever they may be found they are building up with hope and foresight a better standard of values than all the nations can do under systems of self-sufficiency.

Mr Rockefeller died last year having seen 129 million pounds spent on medical, educational, religious, and charitable purposes in 88 countries. If philanthropy recognises princes, this old man of 98 was a prince indeed. Never has a rich man spent his wealth more wisely or more nobly for mankind.

KERSAL CELL

Home of a Famous Hymn

There appears to be a grave danger that the house in which Dr John Byrom wrote *Christians Awake* will pass into the hands of the destroyer of the old and the beautiful.

This building stands in Salford and is known as Kersal Cell, for it marks the site of a priory cell in Norman days. With about ten acres of land it has been offered to the Salford Corporation for £5000, but, though it was pointed out to the Parks Committee that the essential repairs to the house would cost only £500, the Corporation has declined to buy it. Members of the Council who belong to the Salford Society, however, have been working hard to save this remnant of olden days, for they have few historic buildings in their locality. It was at Kersal Cell that John Byrom spent his happiest time. He would wander down to the riverside and recite a Latin oration as an expression of his Joy of Life. Here he received John Wesley, and it is thought that here they wrote together a pamphlet on the abolition of horse-racing.

Christmas Day For Dolly

Here is what Arthur Mee wrote about this building in his *Book of Lancashire*:

KERSAL CELL is a rambling place with old oak panelling and a fine Jacobean staircase climbing from ground to attic with graceful spiral balusters. One room is the old chapel, with fragments of stained glass in the windows and plaster-work bearing the arms of Edward Byrom and the date 1692. In that year was born Edward's second son John, who, in the room next door to the chapel, wrote the famous hymn *Christians Awake* as a Christmas present for his young daughter Dorothy. In Chetham's Library at Manchester we have seen the manuscript, called *Christmas Day for Dolly*, from which she and her father first read the hymn together on Christmas morning in 1745. John Byrom is also remembered for his system of shorthand, for which he obtained a patent. He had many pupils, but he stopped teaching when he inherited Kersal Cell and the family fortune, and occupied himself by writing poems, mostly pious but sometimes amusingly witty, such as

*God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender,
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender;
But who Pretender is or who is King,
God bless us all! that's quite another thing.*

As it is the future cost of maintaining Kersal Cell which is the chief obstacle to its purchase by the City Council, the Salford Society is trying to raise a Restoration and Endowment Fund from outside sources. Mr Charles Hampson, at the Society's headquarters in Duncan Street, is the secretary.

If all the millions who have sung *Christians Awake*, or enjoyed the singing of it at Christmas, would send him a shilling or half a crown the Society would be rich beyond its dreams, and the birth-place of this famous hymn could be preserved as a home of inspiration sadly needed in these days.

Helping the Flowers to Grow

Kew has been making experiments to discover what effect artificial daylight has on flowers.

London in winter, with its fogs and next-to-no light, naturally does not encourage plants to grow. By artificially increasing daylight to 12 hours in winter it was found that cinerarias, begonias, and other flowers flowered earlier and lasted longer than usual.

April 30, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

II

AT SCHOOL IN NAZARETH

They Walk the Ways the Master Went

By a Teacher

On a hilltop in Nazareth, 1500 feet above sea-level, stands a red-roofed building backed by dark cypress trees.

It overlooks the jumble of roofs through which wind the endless little streets of Nazareth's shopping centre.

It is a stiff climb up to the Orphanage where 75 girls of varying ages live and work and learn and play for the greater part of the year. In Palestine an orphan does not necessarily mean a child who has lost both parents; she may have one living, but few of the children's relations seem to take much interest in them.

They are a happy-faced crowd of children. The older girls act as Mothers, with three or more younger ones to look after. There is a spirit of fellowship and many shining eyes and many voices.

Bath Night

In the early morning, about six o'clock, one is awakened by the patter on the stones. It is the sound made by wooden-heeled sandals of the children.

The days have their particular duties. Saturday night is bath-night, when 75 children are "tubbed" in two hours. There is good management here.

On Monday morning at six o'clock bread-making begins. If the temperature is very near freezing point the kneading of the pale gold dough must be a cold business.

Tuesday is the day for washing and ironing. Every day all the housework is done by the children—dormitories, staff rooms, and the big Hall. Those who are interested are encouraged to help in the small dispensary.

In one part of the garden pigeons, rabbits, and hens are kept, and, although the children do not actually look after these themselves, they watch and learn something of the care with which animals should be treated. Then there are ordinary school lessons each day.

The Christian Spirit

When they leave the Orphanage some of the girls train as nurses or work in private houses, but most of them go back to their Arab villages to be wives and mothers. They take with them something of what they have learnt; a knowledge of simple hygiene and the importance of cleanliness; an ability to manage a home, to cook, to sew, to wash; and, more than all this, something of the Christian love and the spirit which inspires all that is done in the Orphanage.

This school looks out over the Great Plain and the road to Jerusalem, the hill of little Hermon with the village of Nain nestling on its green slopes, and the hard ridge of Mount Carmel.

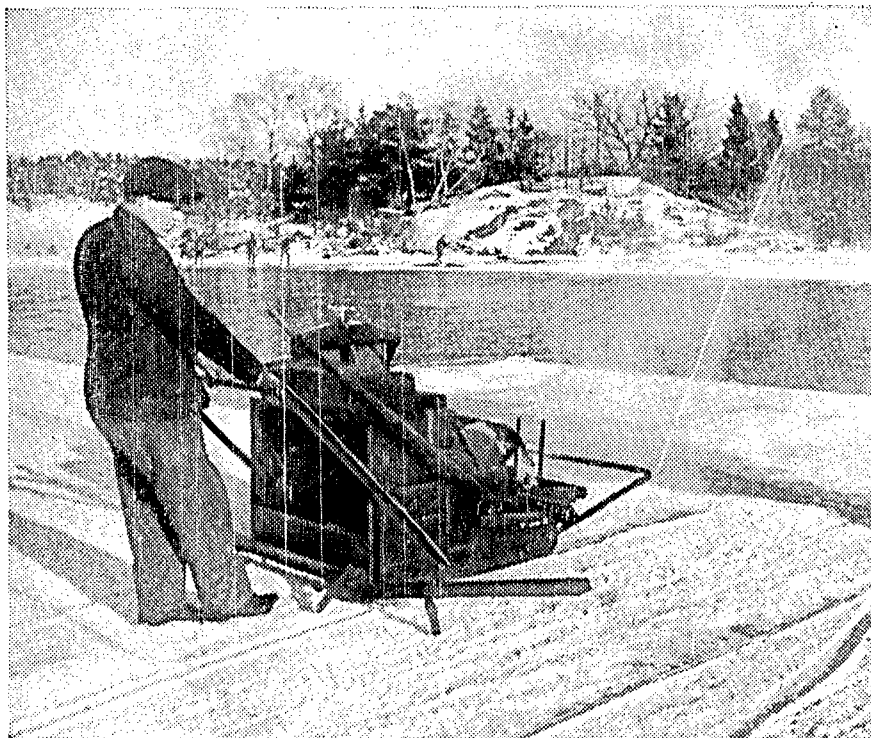
If we climb to the brow of the hill just behind the school and look North we can see the shining waters of the Mediterranean and the glory of the snow-covered slopes of Mount Hermon.

At school in Nazareth! It is a privilege indeed. The children of the Orphanage walk the ways that Jesus knew. They look out over a very beautiful world, the world He saw and must have loved.

A Brighter Seaside

It is good to see our seaside towns seeking to give themselves the touch of nature without which towns are nothing. Hastings and St Leonards are to plant 20,000 trees in their front gardens, and every householder who has a garden is to be urged to plant at least one tree. It is also suggested that those who have no gardens should be given free window boxes.

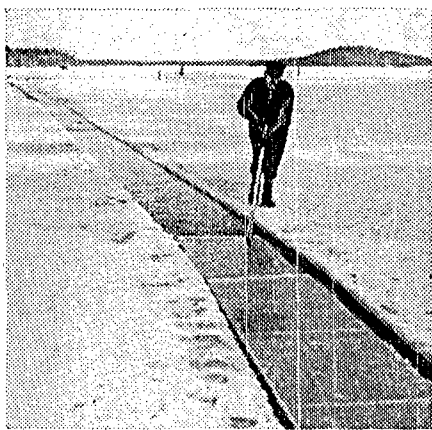
The Ice Harvest in Sweden



Cutting the ice with a motor-driven circular saw. A stream of ice-dust thrown up by the rapidly-revolving saw is seen in front of the machine



Separating the partly-cut blocks of ice with crowbars



A channel cut through the ice to enable the blocks to be floated to the shore, where they are hauled up a conveyor as shown on the right.



Here is a great stack of ice-blocks, as many as 5000 being cut each day

In spite of the ease with which ice is now made artificially it is still found convenient in some northern countries to use the ice from frozen lakes. These pictures show how the ice is cut and collected on the Lake of Malar near Stockholm in Sweden

WHERE TO DROP A FACTORY

Transformation of a Stricken Area

THE TEAM VALLEY WILL SMILE AGAIN

Manufacturers wondering where to place a new factory are being invited by the Government to drop it into the Team Valley.

This valley has been brought by model into Charing Cross Station in order that they may see what it would look like. It is part of the scheme for helping the Distressed Areas of Durham and its neighbourhood.

The valley model has been carved in wood by a Newcastle man, Ralph Headby, and a visit by the man in the street to this little exhibition was well worth while for the model alone, but with it are some magnificent photographs of what the Team Valley Trading Estate has already accomplished in this suburb of Gateshead, south of the River Tyne. All who have motored north on the famous road to Scotland will have looked down on the actual transformation scene in the valley, a scene of busy endeavour very different from the silent model of what this vast enterprise will look like when complete.

Government Assistance

We all hope that day is not far distant, and there is no doubt that the manufacturers who have taken sites along the magnificent highway down the middle of the Estate will not be disappointed. They are sure of profits, and in the laying out of their building they have the advice of an eminent architect, Professor William Holford. The Government, too, has promised a preference in official contracts, while the Special Areas Reconstruction Association will provide financial assistance and invaluable guidance in marketing and so on, based on the accumulated experience of the leading industrialists of the North.

Indeed, this placid valley of the Team is being transformed into a centre of light industry destined to set a lead for the whole country. All the factories will be well built, well ventilated, harmonious in design, and provided with the most modern forms of heating, cold storage, and waste disposal, while for the workers there will be canteens, rest-rooms, club-rooms, and playing fields. The only real restriction in the leases is that the tenants must keep the Estate free from mess and litter for the preservation of its ample amenities. No litter louts are wanted.

A Market Close at Hand

The Estates Company, financed by a grant from the Government and operating under commercial control without profit, has been making a calculation of the people who live in its area, and there are actually half a million more within a radius of 125 miles of the Estate than within 100 miles of London, a circle with 16 millions. In addition, the six great ports of north-east England are close at hand to supply the world with goods manufactured in this valley at cheap rates.

We are glad that Londoners have had the opportunity of seeing this model of what the industrial centres of England are going to look like in the future, tidily whether seen from the level or from the air, and therefore very, very different from those built by our fathers and grandfathers.

The miners of Ffaldan Colliery in Glamorgan, have decided to open milk bars on colliery premises.

The population of Melbourne, Australia, is now up to a million, making it the sixth biggest city in the Empire.

JUST UNDER OUR FEET

Trains Two Inches Down

Not all London's Underground railways are deep underground.

The Metropolitan Railway, for instance, runs in the heart of the town frequently just beneath the surface.

New tunnels are being built for the track between Baker Street and Finchley Road, and on one section near Swiss Cottage two new tunnels are being constructed between the present tracks. It has been necessary to divert water and gas mains, and many buildings have had to be underpinned. In one case the top of the new tunnel is only two inches beneath the cellar of a hotel. The whole building was underpinned and so well has the work been done that the foundations could now support a building of 25 storeys.

Meanwhile the trains continue to run and new tunnels are being built beneath a crowded district where only a few people realise what is going on just beneath their feet.

The Hawk Appears

From a South African Correspondent

During March each year there is much alarm and flutterings among the thousands of pigeons living in the nooks and crannies of the Central Post Office at Durban, for suddenly a hawk appears and levies toll on them.

Once again the hawk has arrived for his stay of a month or so. The pigeons were fluttering happily about their homes when suddenly and without warning the dark sinister shape fell among them.

For a while at least the Post Office was free from the pigeons, for they moved across the way where the dome of the City Hall rises. Here they were much more safe, for they can fly along the balconies without fear of attack from above.

Where the hawk goes during the rest of the year is not known.

One of Australia's Great Dreamers

A hundred years ago there arrived in Australia one of the great pioneers of Sydney, Thomas Sutcliffe Mort.

He was a man of vision, and sheep and cattle breeders all over the world owe him a debt of gratitude, for it was he who first encouraged the frozen-meat industry. He put £80,000 into a venture to export frozen meat from Australia to the Motherland, but the scheme unfortunately failed owing to a technical defect in the machinery's design. He died soon after, and so did not see the successful launching of the industry.

But that was only one incident in a life full of successes. In the Roaring Fifties, when gold was discovered, he formed the first gold-mining company, and later he bought land and developed a dairying district. Then Mort and Company became interested in silk, cotton, and sugar industries, and in the sixties he began to think of shipping. He built docks and engineering works which still bear his name and are well known in Sydney Harbour, and from his dock the first big steamer built in the State was launched.

Today his statue stands in Macquarie Place near the vast buildings of the company. So esteemed was he that the working men of Sydney resolved to erect another memorial to him, declaring him "the greatest benefactor the working classes in Australia ever had."

The Horseback Holiday

Holidays on horseback are appealing more and more to people as a means of getting away from the problems of the motor-car holiday.

This summer the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club is arranging holiday tours for equestrians which will lead them into some of the most beautiful parts of the country. Maps will be issued showing the various inns where horses may be stabled.

The Swallows of St Joseph's Day

The swallows which make their homes under the overhanging roofs of San Juan Capistrano Mission in California have become almost as famous in their country as are the pigeons of San Marco in Venice. In fact, they went on the air for all America to hear a short time ago.

Every spring for at least 150 years the townsfolk who live in and around this fine old mission, established by the Spaniards long before California became one of the United States, will tell you, the swallows have arrived back from the extreme tropics to take up again their residence at San Juan Capistrano Mission on St Joseph's Day. It is said that not once in the century and a half have they failed to return on that day.

Visitors to the mission (thousands each year) always stop to watch the birds darting in and out of their mud nests and about the mission grounds, but on St Joseph's Day this year nearly 3000 people came there for the express purpose of welcoming the swallows back. The event was broadcast, including the chirruping of the birds.

The Nest Under the Cabinet

Someone has been writing to Sir William Beach Thomas to say that a pair of robins have built a nest under a cabinet on his bedroom mantelpiece.

The birds were 12 days building their home, both working incessantly. They began by carrying a quantity of dead leaves indoors, using them as a foundation. Then they gathered moss, and afterwards hair, leaves, and dry grass.

As soon as the nest was finished the birds vanished for three days, but came back to begin housekeeping, the hen laying five eggs, her partner singing on the window-sill. The birds always avoided the nest if anyone watched them, but it was easy to see them in a mirror.

ANCHORING THE SOIL

Good Work in the Great Dust Bowl

The Dust Bowl is the name given by Americans to the great area where the soil has been reduced to powder by reckless farming.

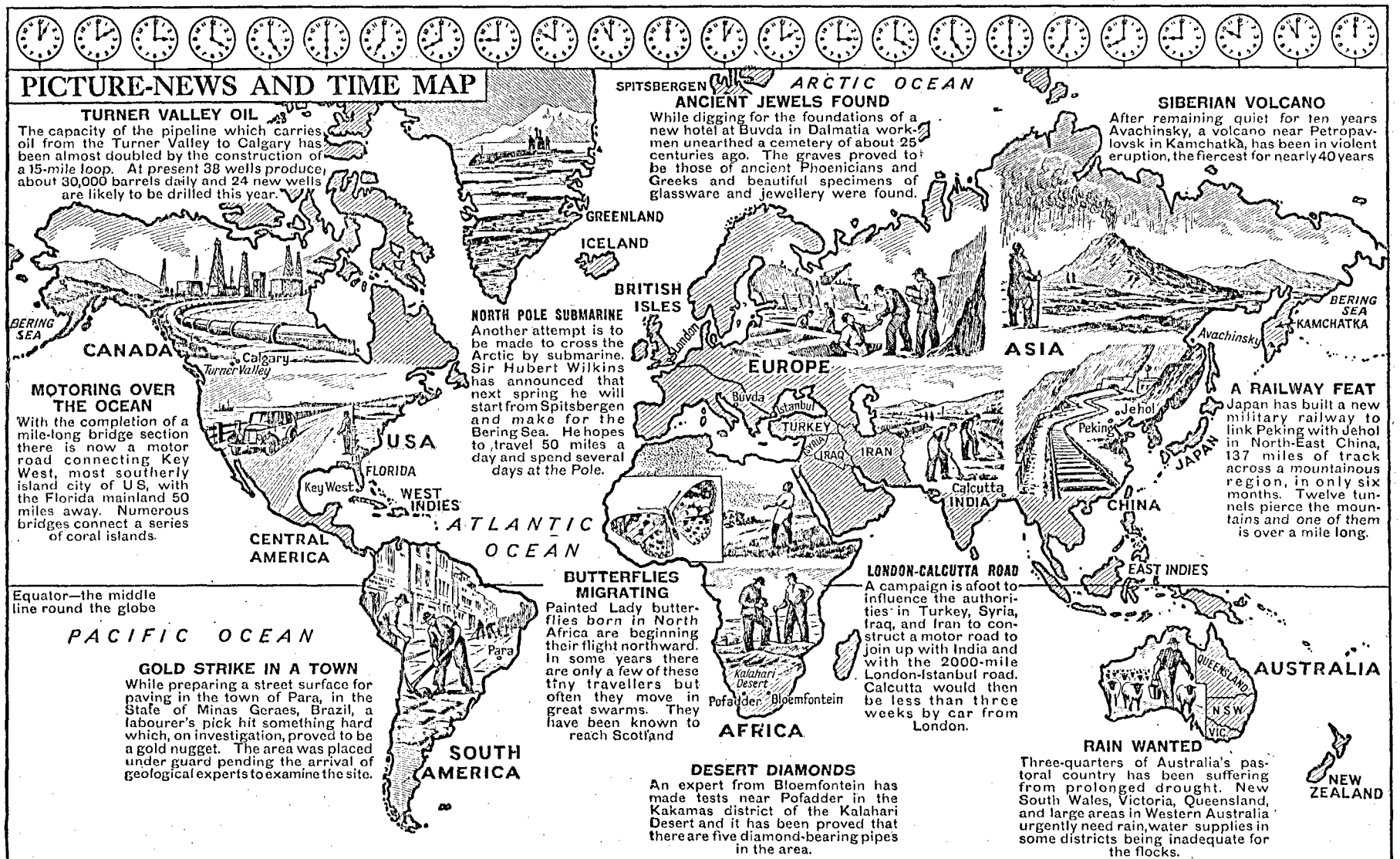
Great efforts have been made to restore usefulness to this land. The Soil Conservation Service has experimented on a thousand-acre tract and shown that it can be done by anchoring the shifting dust. This is done with crops which are hardy and drought-defying.

By growing such crops round the sand-hills formed by the wind, and gradually disturbing the ridges by the wind's own agency, the land is made fairly flat again. Some of the sand dunes so reduced were 30 feet high.

Reclamation has been accomplished of thousands of acres of land that had been blown into low hummocks of silt and sand. With the assistance of the Soil Conservation Service the farmers have reduced the hummocks, conserved every drop of rainfall by careful tillage, and planted crops to anchor the soil. Good crops of sorghum and certain varieties of corn have appeared on fields which not long ago were among the millions of acres that had been thought destroyed for ever.

The American Government's programme of improved farming has three basic points: conservation of moisture, the consistent use of cover crops, and a cessation of the wasteful practice of planting wheat in a dry seed-bed. Where the land slopes care is now taken to form furrows and terraces so that the precious water is not wasted.

The natural flow of the Thames at Teddington has for two months been less than half its average; in March it was a thousand million gallons a day, and much less this month.



TWO PLANETS COME TOGETHER

Mars Lost in the Rays of Venus

By the C N Astronomer

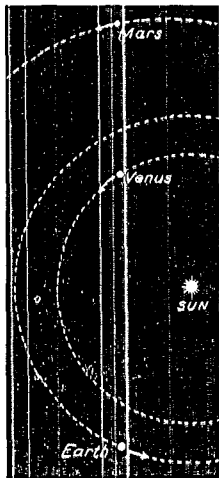
The approach of Venus to Mars is now becoming a most interesting feature of the western sky in the evening, particularly as these two worlds will eventually appear to come together as one, when observed with the naked eye.

This will occur in a week's time, on Saturday, May 7; meanwhile they may be viewed gradually drawing together.

A clear view of the sky between west and north-west is desirable, when Venus will be unmistakable as a brilliant object which does not set until between 15.10 and 10.45 p.m. Summer Time.

Mars will be not so obvious, and, owing to the presence of the reddish and brighter Aldebaran in the vicinity, Aldebaran may be easily mistaken for the somewhat similar Mars. However, Mars may be identified with certainty because he appears above Venus most of the week, while Aldebaran is much farther away to the left.

As a dark sky is necessary in order to perceive Mars at so low an



Relative positions of the Earth, Venus, and Mars on May 7, showing why Venus and Mars will appear so close together

altitude, therefore, to avoid the twilight, the later he is looked for the better, between 9 and 10 o'clock being the best time. Mars sets at about 10.45. With glasses Mars will be seen with ease.

The apparent coming together of these two worlds will be rapid, and, if their positions relative to Aldebaran be noted exactly, it will be seen that Venus appears to be racing after Mars. This will continue until the evening of May 7, when Venus apparently catches up to Mars and he vanishes, lost in the rays of Venus. It will then be most desirable to use glasses in order to perceive Mars as distinct from Venus, for only about one-tenth of our Moon's apparent width will separate them. The sight will be pretty on account of contrasting colours, Mars being strikingly reddish and, by then, below Venus. Seen through a telescope Venus will present a brilliantly white gibbous disc about three times the diameter of the little rosy disc of Mars.

Catching Up With the Earth

This approach of Venus to Mars is actually only apparent and due to perspective; in reality Venus is racing away from Mars, which is following Venus, as can be seen from the diagram. Venus is, moreover, outdistancing him, speeding at about 1300 miles a minute compared with an average of about 900 miles a minute for Mars. At present Venus is about 145 million miles distant from us, while Mars is about 230 million miles away, so some 85 million miles separate these two worlds, a space that is increasing every minute. So while Venus is leaving Mars behind she is coming nearer to us, for the Earth is travelling at some 200 miles a minute less than Venus, who will therefore ultimately overtake the Earth, though not until November next. Meanwhile she will be with us in the evening sky, increasing in radiance and rising higher into the heavens as she comes nearer.

We shall not see much more of Mars this year because after next week he will apparently travel to the right of Venus, sinking lower into the twilight sky and eventually passing out of sight beyond and behind the Sun. G. F. M.

COMPULSORY SAFETY

Making the Car Fit For the Road

The American State of New Jersey has made the periodic testing of cars compulsory.

There are 28 State testing stations, and every motorist must take his car to one of these every six months. It has been found that out of every 100 cars received only 54 are fit to drive. Whenever a car is found to be below the standard required the licence is suspended till the necessary repairs and adjustments have been made.

It is more than time that such examination of cars took place in this country. No compulsory overhauling of cars is in effect here, but no driver has any right to be on the road if his car is not in first-class condition. Every motorist knows that a great number of cars (even new ones) are being sold though they are not safe for the roads.

One car we know was delivered with unreliable brakes. It was sent back to the works for attention and came home little better. The owner got tired of being without his car; in the guarantee period it must have been in ten or twelve times. At last the agents informed him that it needed new brakes as the drums of these brakes were always stretching. The agents themselves fitted temporary bands, which were some improvement but in the end, although the guarantee period was over, the owner was able to see someone in authority and the car was fitted with new drums, new linings, and new shoes, all free. For over a year this new car had been working on bad brakes; the firm had played about with them all this time, and one of its testers had informed the owner that the police allowed a 50 per cent efficiency for brakes!

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

School broadcasting begins again next week.

On Wednesday we shall hear how Christopher Columbus set sail across the Atlantic Ocean and reached the New World; and on Friday a visit to the British Empire Exhibition at Glasgow is planned. On Friday, too, the National Festival of the Schools Musical Festivals of England will be broadcast from the Royal Albert Hall, and nearly a thousand children will sing.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Vegetable Culture (1) Leaf and Stem Crops: by C. F. Lawrance. 2.30 Music, First Year: Sequences, Compound Time (1): by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.25 Empire Trade: by Professor J. D. Mackie. 2.5 Homeward Bound! (The Return of the Migrants): by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Words that March, Dance, or Hobble Along: by J. W. Marriott. 3.0 Elgar (General Characteristics): by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Christopher Columbus: by H. Bellis. 2.30 What Animals Can Hear: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 BBC Scottish Orchestra.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Northern Italy: by Doris L. Mackinnon. 2.5 Our Village—Cottage Gardens: by Edith E. Macqueen. 2.30 Coal, Iron, and Cotton: by Mary Stocks.

FRIDAY, 2.5 May in the Mediterranean: by G. T. Swann. 2.30 The British Empire Exhibition at Glasgow. 3.0 National Festival of the Schools Musical Festivals of England, from the Royal Albert Hall.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors (1 with consonants): by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Milk and Machinery: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 On Growing Up: by R. C. Garry. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—New Keys: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 The Approach of Summer: by A. Scott Kennedy. 3.5 Scottish History—Unrest: by Doris M. Ketelbey.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Salt and Oil in the Carpathians: by D. L. Linton and C. P. Snodgrass.

Little Portraits

JOHN MILTON



THE author of *Paradise Lost* has been pictured to us by many who knew him, and next to Dr Johnson, flicking lamp-posts as he walked about in London, there is no literary figure more familiar to us than that of John Milton, sitting at the door of his house on sunny days, in a heavy grey coat, his face pale, his fingers wrinkled and knotted by gout.

Rather below the average height, he had a delicate complexion and light brown hair. In his later years he was most often to be found neatly dressed in black, his sightless eyes directed downwards. When he was dictating (as often he was for long periods) he loved to lean back in his easy chair, throwing one leg over the arm, and he would reel off 40 lines at a breath and then reduce them to 20.

He was up at four in summer and five in winter. He would have the Bible read to him in Hebrew, and after breakfast would listen to reading again or dictate till midday. He would then go for a stroll if the weather was fine, and after resting awhile he would have a light supper about six, retiring about eight after a pipe and a glass of water. There was hardly a day when he did not listen to music; and whenever friends called to see him they found the pale blind man courteous and affable, though sometimes rather stern, and perhaps inclined to be sarcastic. He had a curious trick of sounding the letter r very roughly.

Sheltie in Topeka

Which are the animals the children of Topeka (a great wheat and farming state in America) rush to see when they visit the city's biggest zoo park?

No, it is not the monkeys, although it used to be. It is the Shetland ponies—14 of them in their winter pasture.

They are not a part of the zoo because they are so rare, although it is true that machinery has taken the place of most of the horses in Kansas. These beloved little animals are just taking their well-earned holiday, now ending, where their young friends can visit them.

These ponies belong to the city, and five days a week for six months of the year they are loaded into a wagon, hitched to a powerful tractor, and taken to the playground of a different park each half-day.

Every child in the district is usually in the queue waiting there to take a free ride long before the ponies arrive. Round and round the good-natured little fellows plod, giving many of the children their only chance to know the fun of riding.

Holland has just had a book week, during which everyone was asked to buy at least one book.

CASSIVELAUNUS OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE

A Bit of Ancient British History

Lord Brocket has made the Devil's Dyke at Wheathampstead, Herts, an English possession for all time.

The Devil's Dyke was a name bestowed by superstition on more than one ancient British earthwork when in the Dark Ages their origin had become forgotten. In this Age of Enlightenment our antiquarians are busied in digging up their history, their purpose, and even the names of their builders.

Cassivelaunus is the name associated with the Hertfordshire Devil's Dyke; and it probably served the tribe of the Catuvellauni for purposes of defence and offence against their neighbours.

Cassivelaunus, able and warlike, had come south from his kingdom of Eastern England to subjugate the south-eastern British tribes, and had completed his conquest of the Trinobantes, when a mightier conqueror, the Roman general Julius Caesar, came.

Julius Caesar had reduced Gaul and sought first to extend his conquest to Britain in the years 55 and 54 B.C. He protected the south-eastern tribes, the Trinobantes among them, and advanced northward from the Thames to meet Cassivelaunus.

Tradition says that the decisive battle was fought about the earthworks at Wheathampstead; but all that is certainly known is that Julius Caesar had for various reasons to return to Gaul, leaving his conquest incomplete. It is not unlikely that the tough Britons were too much for the Roman divisions, who ran the risk of being cut off from their supplies in Gaul. Cassivelaunus was defeated, and his fate is uncertain, but the Catuvellauni rallied after Caesar's retirement. They were still the most compact ruling tribe in south-east England when a century later, in 43 A.D., the Romans under Claudius returned to begin the conquest all over again.

The Unseen Ray on the Safeway

One of the busiest pedestrian crossings at Brighton is now controlled by an invisible ray.

Brighton is the first seaside town to instal traffic lights worked by the photo-electric ray apparatus, only three others being in operation in the country. Road detectors on each side of the crossing look after the traffic, while photo-electric light rays are across the pedestrian crossing and on the refuge, detecting people as they stand waiting for the lights to change so that they may cross in safety.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of April 1913

The Abuse of the Aeroplane. News has come to hand that the fall of Janina, in Turkey, was directly due to the machinations of an aeroplane and its pilot. A Russian aviator, M. Sakoff, who was flying for the Greeks, left Nikopoli, 45 miles from Janina, in a biplane, carrying with him six bombs.

When over Fort Bizani, the chief position, M. Sakoff released his bombs, which exploded and did great damage.

On reaching Nikopoli he gave the military authorities such valuable information that Janina was immediately attacked and fell to the Greeks in a few days.

It is a great achievement, but terrible. The conquest of the air for which man has for so many years been striving is being accomplished; but so far the only use to which man has put his new power is to arm himself against his neighbours, a fearful end to the work of his brain and hand.

Complete in Two Parts

ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

The Mulberry Bush

CHAPTER 3
Number Nine

OVERHUNG by the flags of all nations and brilliantly illuminated, the swimming-pool formed the focus of every eye.

Three sides were flanked by the tables of the spectators, where they sat and sipped their coffee in high expectation. But the fourth side, at the deep end and under the springboards, was kept for the competitors and the judges. A little way off a stringed orchestra played behind flowers.

And Monsieur Tissot was rubbing his glad hands together, for never before had he known his casino so packed.

But the good man had no time to stand rubbing his hands together, nor even to supervise his waiters, as usual. His sub must do that. His own supervision was needed to-night for the show, as inwardly he termed this wonderful gala, which he hadn't put on for the glory of the competitors but for the entertainment of his customers.

And now all the tables were served, the music had ceased, the competitors for the diving and swimming assembled. They were coming out from their dressing-room, stripped to their costumes, one or two with gaudy towels over their shoulders. Fine figures all made, men of muscle yet grandly proportioned, and tanned by sun and sea to the colour of walnut. Each displayed his number on his broad chest.

So the crowd picked out readily Fourret, the champion of Belgium, and Angon, the Spaniard, and Gasthof, fresh from his victories on Lac Leman. But David, who, by virtue of playing presently in the water polo, was admitted to the privilege of their company, had fixed his gaze on numbers 9 and 13, the pair who hailed from the Mûrier Club on the Danube.

Men envy Nice. Thirteen or Nine? How it chimed through his mind as he watched these two!

Both appeared at their ease. Both were quietly smiling. But the smile of Vuarchaud, Number 13, was a strange smile which played round his lips without ever reaching his eyes.

Then David saw Vuarchaud whisper a word to his club-mate, who turned and glanced, and lost his smile on the instant. A massive figure had just emerged from the dressing-room with a straw hat tilted on the back of his head. A shout went up. "Here's Monsieur Malinova!"

David gasped. Could this be Malinova, this great porpoise? And then he remembered that that had been Tissot's name for the fellow. "He swims like a porpoise," the manager had declared. And on a closer look David thought that was probably correct. For ponderous as the Mûrier's prime-mover might be, and albeit he hadn't changed into swimming togs yet, it was palpable that his bulk owed nothing to fat, and he moved upon his feet with extraordinary lightness.

But why ever had his arrival wiped Number 9's smile out?

This served David as a subject of speculation all the time that the swimming and diving was going on, which time he employed in sidling up to M. Malinova and presently engaging him in conversation.

"M'sieur Tissot has told me about you, M. Malinova," he began. "You have made quite a new club, haven't you, of the Mûrier?"

The capital fellow, as Monsieur Tissot had called him, looked David over and replied in good English.

"A new club," he echoed. "No, by no means a new club. If you mean, have I revived it? I certainly have."

"It ought to be useful," said David, returning the look.

"Useful? Isn't every swimming club useful?"

Odd that David's voice had dropped lower and lower each time. He paused for a moment.

"But some are more useful than others," he emphasised, slowly. "Aren't there more ways than one of making a swimming club useful?"

A corner of Malinova's mouth twitched. But not with amusement. It was much as though some overworked nerve had been touched. He muttered at last, "You're a Londoner. What are you doing here?"

"Doesn't that depend?" answered David—strangest of answers.

And next, his eyes searching the fellow, he broke a fresh silence.

"In England," he said, "we call a mûrier a mulberry bush. We've a rhyme about it that children sing in the nursery. I wonder if you've ever heard it, M. Malinova?"

But that shot missed fire. The man swung on his heel and stalked off. David heard him calling jovially to Monsieur Tissot, saw him slapping Tissot cordially on the back. "A splendid show, mon ami! My felicitations!"

"I rejoice that you're pleased," beamed Tissot.

Was David pleased? Who knows? He was looking unusually pale when eventually he took his place for the polo. So pale that his team-mates chipped him. "Nervous, Anglais!" they laughed. "Don't think about the crowd and the shouting!"

"No," said David, who was thinking of something very different.

It happened as he had given himself cause to anticipate. He was playing on the left wing and opposite Malinova, who shadowed him and kept pushing him off the ball whenever it neared him. Swimming shoulder to shoulder with David, thrusting and jockeying, never allowing him room to turn, Malinova might have taken him for the most dangerous of Menton's players; an impression gained by many of the spectators.

Then half-time arrived, without score.

Immediately after Malinova was cheered to the echo, when, raising his enormous bulk high in the water, reminding one and all of a walrus without its tusks, from prodigious distance he hurled the ball into the net. The first goal to Nice. There was much loose play next, much splashing, much referee's whistle. Then happened that which David had cause to expect.

He had dived, as though to escape the attentions of Malinova. He was coming up when a hand fastened hard round his ankle. He kicked. But the man who could swim like a porpoise and remain under water longer than anyone known was pulling him down with the grip of a vice round his ankle, just above the ankle where the flesh started. That grip was biting, as steel might bite, into the flesh.

David struggled. And the water drummed in his ears. No longer could he breathe through his nose. All was blackness.

"That young Anglais," said someone, "has been a long time under water!"

"Yes, didn't you see him? I've been watching for him to rise!"

JACKO HAS A NARROW SHAVE

JACKO was delighted when Aunt Amelia invited him into the country for another little visit. He had behaved so well the first time that she thought he was a reformed character.

But she soon discovered her mistake. "That boy's driving me silly," she remarked to a neighbour one morning. "It's a mercy he goes to school every day."

Jacko certainly gave his relative a lively time, and he took her breath

On that instant Malinova was seen coming to the surface. He looked dazed, he was panting distressfully; he put out a feeble, groping hand for support.

"The poor lad!" he spluttered. "I did my best, but he must have a weak heart. He sank like a stone."

CHAPTER 4

More Brains Than Grit

THERE passed round the pool a stupefied gasp of relief. Lo! there was the Anglais, stepping out at the shallow end. "Oh, yes, I had a narrow squeak," he admitted, as they rushed at him and carried him off to the dressing-room.

In the dressing-room the players and the competitors, with Tissot and the officials, were fussing round David. Had he felt faint when he started? they asked.

He lifted his eyes, to mark Malinova with the others. The man was draped in a dressing-gown and was combing his hair. In a calm, clear voice David answered, "No, I didn't faint. M. Malinova tried to drown me."

In great agitation Tissot pushed forward. "The young m'sieur hasn't come to himself yet," he said sympathetically.

"Haven't I?" echoed David, raising his eyebrows. He showed them his leg, where those long-nailed fingers had bitten the flesh. "You don't save a person from drowning in that way, I think." Then, "Stop him!" he cried out insistently. For Malinova had begun to edge toward the door.

They brought him back. He folded his arms and glanced round the company derisively. "Of course it's sheer moonshine!" he snarled.

"Of course," agreed Tissot; "but in fairness to all, M. Malinova, we should hear the lad through. And pray how did you free yourself?" he demanded of David.

"By an old trick, m'sieur," replied David. "I kept stabbing at his throat with the heel of my other leg. That made him let go, and I wriggled away under water."

"I cannot believe it!"

"No?" said David, raising his eyebrows. "Well, we'll hear what the judge says, m'sieur. For I'm going to charge M. Malinova with trying to drown me. Will you fetch a policeman, please?"

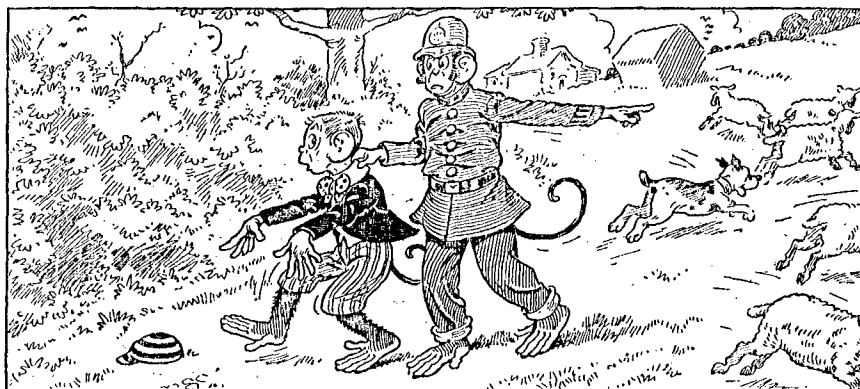
They tried to dissuade him, but, when he would not give way, Tissot stepped from the room, and, having announced to the excited people outside that the young Anglais had perfectly recovered, he signed

Presently Chimp sprang up and stared ahead. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "There's Bouncer in that field chasing sheep."

The two scampered off, and soon they were busy chasing Bouncer. But the dog was excited, and went on wildly scattering the sheep.

It was bad luck that the village policeman should come along then.

"Hi! You wicked lads!" he shouted, hurrying towards them.



The constable clutched him by the collar

away one Saturday by announcing that he had invited Chimp for the afternoon.

By some misunderstanding Chimp arrived before dinner instead of after it. What's more, Bouncer arrived too!

"Coo! You've brought that dog along," cried Jacko.

Aunt Amelia didn't feel particularly pleased, but she gave them a good dinner, and then bundled them out.

The boys raced about the fields for a good while, and then flung themselves down to rest. Bouncer trotted off by himself to sniff out rabbit holes.

Chimp promptly wriggled through the hedge. But Jacko was not quick enough.

The constable clutched him by the collar. "You'll have to pay for frightening these sheep, young man," he said. "Give me your name and address."

"It's not my dog," retorted Jacko. "Look and see for yourself."

The man whistled up Bouncer, and as he stooped to examine his collar he quite unconsciously let go of Jacko's.

Whoops! With a bound the prisoner was off—and this time he seemed to have completely vanished.

to the orchestra to strike up their dance music. Then only, when the visitors had begun dancing and to all appearances everything was all right, he returned to the dressing-room by the door from the street, and with him came a policeman.

But David seemed hesitating. "Of course," he burst out, "I don't want to act precipitately. So, before formally charging M. Malinova, I should like a word by myself with him."

This delighted them all, and Tissot particularly. "Very well. There's my office!" he cried.

He showed the pair into his office and left them alone. David turned the key in the door. "Now, M. Malinova," he began, with singular blandness. "Do I charge you? Or don't I?"

First the big fellow bared his teeth threateningly, then began blustering. But David, very cool and contained, cut that short. "You can spare your breath, Malinova," he said. "And get hold of this: that France is no fonder of spies than we in Great Britain are. And this too: that if France lays her hands on a spy who is at work against both of us, she'll reward him with a pretty stiff dose of imprisonment. Now, M. Malinova! Think again! Do I call that policeman?"

The other considered. "Oh, I know when I'm beaten," he growled.

"Good!" smiled David, his tension relaxing. "Then you and I will have our chat, and afterwards I'll tell Tissot I was mistaken."

"You laid a trap for me," said Malinova hoarsely.

"I did. But I risked my life for it. When you and I were talking during the diving I said there were more ways than one of using a swimming club. Why did I say that? Oh, obviously on purpose to drop you a hint."

"Of your suspicions—yes. Who are you?" groaned Malinova.

"You can guess, if you like," replied David. "I had wired to England to ask what was known of you, Malinova, and the answer confirmed my suspicions. So I laid my trap to get you in a cleft stick."

"You hoped I'd try to drown you to silence your lips!"

"Yes; so easy to make it appear like an accident! It was Monsieur Tissot who had unconsciously put the idea into my head by telling me what a whale you were under water. You see the idea?" David went on. "A neat one, believe me! After you'd tried to drown me, I'd give you your choice—either to be charged with attempted murder (when the French police would soon have raked up your past) or to make a clean breast to myself of the game that you're up to. Oh, you've chosen wisely."

The man studied David with glowering gaze for a moment. Then, "Who put you on the scent of the Mûrier?" he scowled.

David mentioned the two warnings. "At a shot," he continued, "I'd say it was one of your beauties who's grown a sore head, and happens to have discovered a certain address." He was watching his companion, to learn all he could.

And Malinova fell for it. "Then it's Dubois," he cried. "The fellow who was Number 9 in the diving. By thunder, yes! Dubois has a brother in London!"

"Ah! There's nothing like clearing the air," David commented cheerfully. "A smart idea of yours to dig up a well-known swimming club, to put it on its legs again, to finance it, and then use it as a cloak for your nest of spies, Malinova! Yes, and smarter to include two or three splendid swimmers whom you could send into competitions to keep the pretence up. I suppose you had squared them first, Malinova?"

"Aye, and one rat betrayed me!"

"Bad for you, but nice for us," observed David. "But why should your rat send a warning against himself? I mean, whatever made him include Number 9 in his message?"

"To keep your attention chained to the Mûrier," sighed Malinova.

"Yes, possibly. And as possibly, on second thoughts, he wanted us to guess who was giving the show away. Himself or Vuarchaud, Number 9 or Number 13. He'll be trying to claim a reward from us presently, perhaps."

Then David's voice grew hard, and his manner grew harder. "So your game is up," he said. "I've cut your claws, Malinova. You'll disband your club."

Then, having gravely escorted him back to the others, David announced that on second thoughts he would let the charge drop.

"Because," as he told Sir Richard when he was home again, "I couldn't show up the fellow without a big scandal, considering how much publicity the French give to spy cases!" And his uncle agreed.

THE END

AN OFFER YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS!

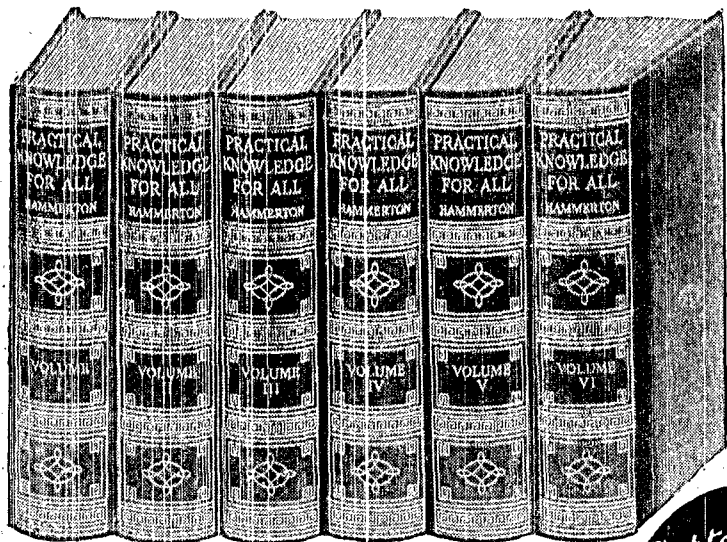


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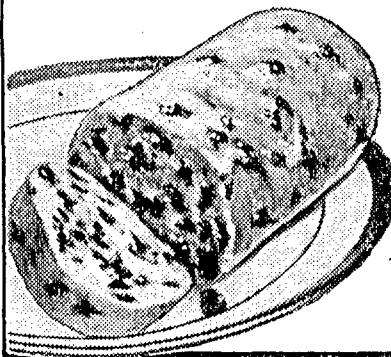
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THE GOOD BEEF SUET

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April 30, 1938

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THE BRAN TUB

The Owl

THE owl at midnight hoots and hoots, While he pursues his cogitations. Hey, policeman! Take his name! To hoot At night's against the regulations!

Ici on Parle Français



Le merle blackbird La main hand Une hirondelle swallow

Comme les oiseaux sont peu farouches! Ce merle a pris des miettes dans ma main. L'hirondelle est un peu plus timide.

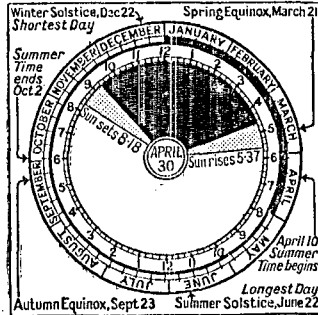
How tame the birds are! That blackbird took some crumbs out of my hand. The swallow is a little more shy.

So He Should

WHAT should a man do who has split his sides with laughter? Run till he gets a stitch in them, surely.

The C.N. Calendar

This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on April 30. The days are now getting longer. The black section of the



circle under the names of the months shows at a glance how much of the year has gone.

HOW TO EARN EXTRA POCKET MONEY

HERE is a splendid opportunity to earn some extra pocket-money.

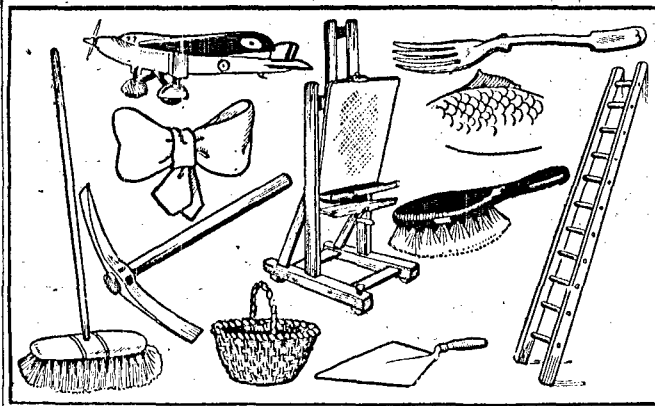
Eleven familiar things are shown in this picture, and each represents the name of an object used by one of the people in the list which follows. The actual objects used by these workers are not necessarily shown.

Can you identify them all correctly? Here is the list, shown alphabetically:

CARPENTER
GARDENER
HAYMAKER
HOUSE PAINTER
LAUNDRY WOMAN
MUSICIAN
NAVY
ROADSWEEPER
SCHOOLMASTER
SHOPKEEPER
WINDOW-CLEANER

Write out your list of these eleven workers in the same order, and against each name write the name of the object used.

For the best-written correct or nearest correct lists sent by girls or boys of 15 or under, the



What Happened On Your Birthday
May 1. Joseph Addison born 1672
2. Leonardo da Vinci died 1519
3. Battle of Tewkesbury 1471
4. Thomas Henry Huxley born 1825
5. Napoleon died 1821
6. Robespierre born 1758
7. Robert Browning born 1812

This Week in Nature

THE whitethroat returns after spending the winter in North Africa. This little brown bird, smaller than a sparrow, has a grey head and salmon breast. Why it is called whitethroat is not clear, but it is also known as the

nettle-creeper because of its love for beds of nettles. It lays four or six eggs in a nest of hay, roots, and hair.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Mars are in the west, and Neptune in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter is in the south-east. The picture shows the moon at half-past nine on Monday evening, May 2.

Editor offers two prizes of ten shillings and 25 half-crowns. Write your attempt on a postcard, which should also bear your name, address, and age, and post it to C.N. Competition Number 51, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, May 5.

Only one attempt may be sent by each reader. Allowance will be made for age when judging, and the Editor's decision is final.

STILL MORE HALF-CROWNS FOR READERS

Why not try to earn one of the extra half-crowns offered by the Editor? At the foot of your entry write the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C.N. for a month.

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a new reader 2s 6d will be awarded in addition to the prize.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is It? Envy (NV)
Hidden Flowers Word Square
Foxglove, Primrose, OATS
Hawthorn, Heartsease, ABUT
Snapdragon TUBE
STEM

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

FINISH PREPAY
ACE EAGLE LIE
CEIL NEED TALL
E GEOGRAPHY L
SHAM M LEST
IT DIN SEARA
DELETER HATTER
LEER ERA RENT
ERASED GREETS

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

BETTY was watching her mother hanging the rosebud curtain on the line in the garden to dry.

"I do wish I could have a new daisy one like Anne's, next door," said Betty.

"Never mind," replied her mother. "Perhaps you'll be able to have one soon. This is getting a little faded, I'm afraid," she added.

"Anne's got a puppy, all her own," said Betty, as the sound of yapping came across the fence.

"Anne's puppy is a pickle," remarked her mother, "and while you are at school I'm afraid I am, far too busy to be able to look after a pickle for you."

Betty laughed.

"Yap, yap!" barked Anne's puppy again, in angry tones, as though he quite understood what he had been called.

"Poor darling, he doesn't like being called a pickle," Betty cried as she ran indoors to finish her book.

It was such a thrilling story that she didn't hear how noisy the wind was outside. In fact, she didn't hear anything at all until her mother came into the room.

"I can't see your curtain on the line," she said, looking worried. "You'd better run out and rescue it before it blows right away."

But when Betty ran out there was no sign of the pink rosebud curtain to be seen in

the garden. Even when Mother came out and peeped over the fences into the neighbours' gardens she couldn't see it. The pegs lay scattered on the grass; the curtain itself had completely vanished.

"Where can it have gone?" asked Betty, puzzled.

They were still looking round when there came a ring at the door.

Betty ran to open it. There stood Anne, quite out of breath. "A dreadful thing has happened," she cried. "The puppy's somehow got hold of your curtain while we've been out, and he's chewed it up and made it into a bed."

"So that's where it's gone!" laughed Betty, and then told Anne all about it.

THE PICKLE PUPPY

"I guess when the wind blew the curtain down off the line he thought he'd pay me out for laughing at him," she finished.

"I'm dreadfully sorry though," said Anne. "It's quite spoilt. Mummy wondered if you would perhaps like this material instead?" She handed over a brown-paper parcel. "I'm afraid it is only like mine, but—"

"Is it? How lovely!" cried Betty, hardly able to open the parcel quickly enough in her excitement. "I've been just longing to have a curtain like yours!"

"Oh, good!" laughed Anne. "Then my pickle puppy has been of some use for the first time in his life!"

The LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA (Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

NEEDS IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE TO CONTINUE ITS GOOD WORK

★ **£3,500 a year is needed** ★

Please send a gift now to the Secretary at the Hospital. Grateful thanks for the following received to 31st March, 1938:—

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Miss Margaret Patterson ... 1 0 0	An old Reader, Chingford ... 2 0 0
Mrs. Anson ... 1 0 0	Miss R. Edwards ... 10 0
Miss D. M. Stobart ... 2 6	Miss J. Sheppard ... 10 0
Miss Alison Rutherford ... 10 0	Miss J. Peirce ... 5 0
The Misses D. & H. Hartley ... 1 10 0	Mrs. and Miss Olive Kenny ... 15 0
Miss Oulton ... 10 0	Mrs. Strat ... 5 6
E. L. Hamilton, Esq. ... 5 0 0	Philip L. Agnew, Esq. ... 5 0 0
Miss Irene Russell ... 5 0	T. G. Smith, Esq. ... 30 0 0
Miss J. J. Stephenson ... 1 0 0	Boydell Football Club ... 19 2
Mrs. Melcher ... 1 0 0	Miss P. M. Pearson ... 10 0
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Miss Cynthia Miles ... 5 0	Miss C. J. Van Tonder ... 5 0
Miss Ann Laidlaw ... 7 6	Mrs. Elsworth ... 2 0
Mrs. Lawrence ... 2 2 0	8th Luton Brownies ... 4 0
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Miss Phyllis Davis ... 10 0	The Daily Mirror (for Gungune Cot) ... 5 0 0
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Miss Mary Weight ... 6 0	Mrs. Bald ... 1 0 0
The New Club ... 2 2 0	Mrs. Davidson & Mr. Crowe ... 5 0
Miss Monica Carter ... 6 0	Miss B. Rahau ... 5 0
Mrs. Crawford ... 2 0 0	Miss R. Bradstock (for Club of Joy Cot) ... 4 15 2
Miss Dorothea Wood ... 1 10 0	Mrs. William Colthup ... 5 0
Mrs. Bonney ... 7 0	Miss Barrett ... 2 6
Miss J. Hounslow (for Club of Joy Cot) ... 2 6	Mrs. Pritchard ... 10 0
Miss C. Feather ... 2 6	Mrs. Martin Sutcliffe ... 1 0 0
The Misses Handley ... 2 6	Miss Mary Ford ... 2 6
Mrs. A. H. Empson ... 10 0	Froebel School ... 15 4
Miss Palmer ... 2 6	Miss V. Webb ... 2 6
Miss Jean Warren ... 2 3	Mrs. J. Davenport ... 1 10 0
Miss Rose Niven ... 10 0	The Misses Barrett ... 10 0
Miss R. V. Melrose ... 1 0 0	Mrs. H. S. Gow ... 2 2 0
Gurney House, Sydneyham High School ... 20 0 0	E. L. Hunter, Esq. ... 5 0 0
Kenneth Underwood, Esq. ... 1 10 0	Mrs. G. E. Barton ... 1 10 0
Miss R. Bradstock (for Club of Joy Cot) ... 25 12 6	Miss H. Peirce ... 5 0
Mrs. Whiteley ... 2 0	Mrs. Rock ... 2 2 0
Daffodil Club ... 4 8 0	1st Sussex (Post) ... 3 6
Stanley G. Beer, Esq. ... 1 0 0	Guido Company ... 10 0
Miss Fletcher ... 10 0	Anonymous ... 10 0



Never was there a more lovable band of merry rascals than Tiger Tim and the jolly Bruin Boys, whose funny adventures appear every week in this delightful paper. There are lots of other entertaining features in TIGER TIM'S WEEKLY, including stories, pictures, puzzles, jokes and riddles.

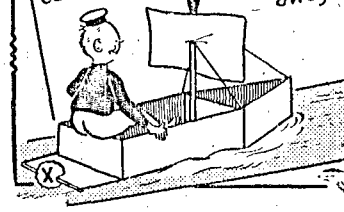
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Have you seen the new XICR Stamp Lines? Rather! I always collect the XICR way IF ANY DIFFICULTY WRITE THOMAS LEEFE RIVL

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

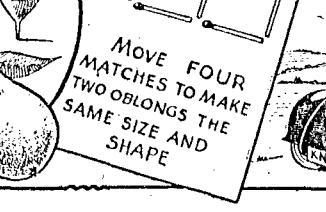
Yacht ahoy! Make this boat as shown. Push a piece of camphor (X) into a notch in the cardboard—and watch your boat sail away!



PLACE THE SAME LETTER IN FRONT OF THE NAME OF EACH OBJECT TO MAKE A NEW WORD IN EACH CASE



MOVE FOUR MATCHES TO MAKE TWO OBLONGS THE SAME SIZE AND SHAPE



What town is this? Alternate letters are wrong

